BERLIN SHOULD BE BOMBED—H. G. Wells

EB. 3,
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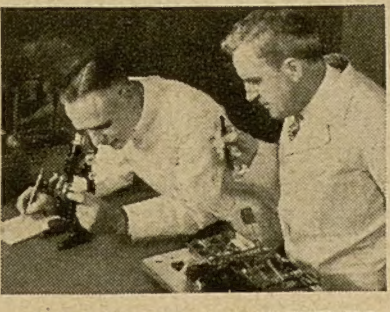

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FEBRUARY 3, 1940 Liberty VOL. 17, NO. 5

BERNARR MACFADDEN
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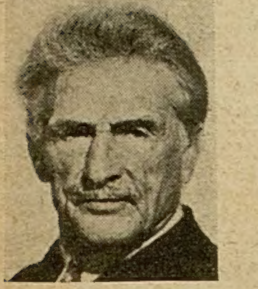
HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

REMOVE COMMERCIALISM FROM PUBLIC HEALTH



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Senator Wagner wants not only the health of the public but that of individual citizens to be made a governmental responsibility. He wants advice to be free to those who are unwilling to pay for it . . . not as a charity handout but as an inalienable right to which every citizen is entitled.

Naturally, the American Medical Association and many leading citizens are bitterly opposed to such a plan. Health advice is paying the doctoring profession hundreds of millions of dollars every year, but it has been commercialized to a scandalous degree.

Doctors are human. They have their families to support; they have to maintain themselves at a standard to retain the esteem of the community; and they are probably not only better educated but have a higher moral standard than the banker, the merchant, the grocer, the butcher, etc.

But at the present time they are invested with entirely too much responsibility. In nearly all states they have dictated laws apparently to benefit public health but mostly to protect their financial interest. When a patient comes to them, he is placing his life in their hands. They can prolong his illness . . . they can make it appear to be serious when it is otherwise. They can send him to his grave without the loss of a particle of prestige. In fact, frequently the doctor in a community who has the largest number of deaths acquires publicity which often materially adds to his practice.

To put the public health in the hands of the government is a revolutionary and a dangerous procedure. George Bernard Shaw, in an address some time ago before a group of doctors in England, reprimanded them in a scathing manner . . . called them racketeers and other defamatory names; but he is known to be a caustic critic of everything and everybody.

Government control of public health to the extent that Senator Wagner desires would bring us many evils. Treatments might be standardized and made compulsory. You might even be compelled to take certain treatment against your wishes and to patronize certain doctors selected by government officials. Serum or drug treatments of doubtful value might be continued almost indefinitely—although, it might be well to add, this same evil is largely in vogue at the present time through A. M. A. edicts.

The medical profession has certain standardized treatments . . . which is just as good as saying: We have learned all it is necessary to know. There is no need of further experimenting. We have a monopoly on knowledge, and practitioners who might disagree with us are ignoramuses and quacks.

But every intelligent honest doctor would breathe a prolonged sigh of relief if he could be released from the control of the American Medical Association. They are in the steel-like grip of this powerful organization; but the evils that exist in medical practice could hardly be as bad if politically controlled. Revolutionary changes should be made in the healing art. Medical ethics at the present time do not allow one doctor to testify against another. To secure insurance, a doctor must agree to follow this rule.

The knowledge I have been broadcasting for over half a century, which enables any one to remain almost completely free from illness and to maintain spirited youth past threescore and ten, should be made a part of the curriculum of medical colleges everywhere. In fact, these health principles should be taught in every public school; and under government control we might ultimately—in the far distant future—secure such educational advantages for everybody.

More than forty years in business in New York's intensive competitive field, without half a day away from business due to illness, is a record of which I am very proud; and the same high degree of health could be maintained by most any one if supplied with the knowledge of health building that I have taught and used throughout all these years.

The enormous expense, running into hundreds of millions, that will be required to finance Senator Wagner's plan will be a weighty encumbrance to our already backbreaking national debt. It will create a huge addition to the bureaucracy that is now choking the nation almost beyond endurance. But, with all its evils, it will probably be far better than the racketeering control which is just about as applicable here as it is in England, where Mr. Shaw finds so much to criticize.

Bernarr Macfadden

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BERLIN SHOULD BE BOMBED

Arrestingly, a renowned humanitarian speaks his mind about Europe's war

BY H. G. WELLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I DARE to prophesy that in another score or so of years there will be no governments in the world worth talking about, there will be a mere welter of brigands and gangsters, unless we are all as collectivized as are Russia and the totalitarian states now, and—which is the riddle in the outlook—in some sort of common accord.

Collectivization, with a crude disregard of proprietorship and individual enterprise, has taken possession of Russia and the totalitarian states, and in the form of the New Deal it struggles to take possession of America. With infinite reluctance, even the British system is being forced, backward and protesting, toward the same end. Everywhere we are coming under controls: the rich are being taxed out of power and influence; and yet this system of government, idea-blind, totally unprepared for the task, is under our horrified eyes assuming the management of a new British muddleheaded collectivist state.

This collectivism which is rolling down upon us from the east knows nothing of the tradition of personal rights. There have been no Magna Chartas east of the Rhine. It is a collectivization in the dark; even when it is honest it is passionate, dogmatic, and impatient of criticism. In the darkness it is bound to blunder into paternalism, absolutism, dishonesty, inefficiency, confusion, and disaster.

Hitherto, in our tradition, in our Atlantic world, it has been our usage to meet every increment of centralization with a reassertion of individual liberty. That seesaw between administrative law and fundamental rights which has been our history for centuries has now to be resumed, upon a vaster stage and with extreme urgency. We could not escape collectivism even if we desired to do so, but we can see to it that it is collectivism in the freedom and the light.

AND this time we have to go far beyond that assertion of individual liberty which has hitherto satisfied our ancestors. The new collectivism is taking possession of the entire economic life of the world, and so it is necessary to insist now upon certain claims and rights that are very generally conceded in practice and sentiment but which have still to be definitely asserted. The economic factor has to emerge now side by side and merging with the political.

Collectivization has not yet reached, and it may never reach, to a biological control of mankind. The positive eugenics of mankind is a mere speculation of the theorists, and we do not believe that the science of genetics is sufficiently sure of itself for such negative eugenics as the compulsory sterilization of types capable of transmitting evil hereditable traits. And even if we had that much science, human nature as it is at present revolts against the idea of sterilization without consent. But there is no reason whatever to forbid it to a willing adult who finds his desires at war with his conscience or his happiness.

To a large extent, the obligation to provide subsistence, shelter, and care is already recognized in practice in the more civilized regions of the earth. These elementary needs can be provided without any great use of money.

It is entirely practicable so to order things that a man may, if he sees fit, go through life without doing a stroke of work, living in a comfortable domicile, walking if he likes from place to place, finding rest homes and free meals wherever he goes, wearing decent clothes. He may lie in the sun and watch the world go by. The modern community can afford all that now. It may, as William James suggested, conscript him for a year or so, and then he will be free again for the rest of his life. But—he will have no pocket money and possibly he may feel a little bored and out of things.

A civilized united and progressive world will be continually replanning itself, rebuilding itself, conducting research, learning, teaching, and thrusting forward into new experiences. It will have to interest and employ a healthy, well fed population, or face the social dislocation, the possible return to destructive activities and war, its accumulating energy will produce. A large part of the present troubles of our world are due not to want and insufficiency but to an excess of energy which overflows into war and the preparations and training for war, because we have no other channels ready for it. The monopolization of natural resources by private ownership and private finance, so that the hands of the worker cannot reach them, and the plain necessity for mankind to break through these barriers and liberate these hoarded resources, make such efforts as Communism and totalitarianism inevitable.

As a civilized and united world develops the arts and science of management and increases production, it will pay its willing workers in money based on that increasing production, expanding in amount with production.

As the structure of the collectivized state increases in complexity, the opportunities of dictators and high officials in the network of public services to wangle advantages and reserve this or that desirable thing for their own private gratification will increase and will need to be watched by an alert public opinion. The right of free public criticism will probably keep abuses of this sort within tolerable limits, but it certainly will not abolish the ineradicable craving for advantages. Administrative law may provide pains and penalties for this or that sort of contravention as it becomes flagrant, and that is about all that we can hope to achieve by legislation.

TO obtain desirable and delightful things, many people will be eager to earn money. We have to see that they get their fair choice of things when they have earned their money. It has been suggested that many of these things that we want to own and cherish should not be sold but hired out to the highest bidder, who should not be free to sublet. There is already a picture hire company in existence. There may be a considerable check upon buying for profit in this idea.

Staple products, land, productive plant and shipping will, under the completer phase of collectivization toward which we are moving, be unsalable and unbuyable. Prospective work may fall under the same restrictions. That strange social element in the history of the past three hundred years, the shareholder and the stock exchange, may disappear almost altogether.

Money in a collectivist system is essentially pay for service to the community. It is paid in order that it should be spent either upon the surplus goods produced by the community as a whole, over and above its basic human needs, or else upon those individual private productions that are too questionable or novel or experimental for the administration to undertake. The sooner money is spent upon a product or a service, the more it activates the world. The less it is held up or gambled with, the better.

We envisage a world in which there will indeed be inequalities between man and man, but none will have power over another, and none will have such a disproportionate fortune as to jostle and humiliate his fellows. It will be a world of infinite variety and incessant change.

Some gambling there will probably be. The individual who finds a zest in playing for money and the charming young person who likes to receive presents will be with us as long as humanity is humanity. No revolution will rob life of its minor parasitisms, its comedies and petty injustices. Conceivably the turf and the dogs may survive the greatest change in history.

FOR decades the political and revolutionary unrest of the world has wasted itself upon unsound and insufficient formulae, of which the League of Nations idea and Stalinized-Leninized-Marxism are typical samples. Neither of these schemes which the conflicts of 1914-18 released was thought out soundly and boldly enough. They have brought us to where we are. They gain nothing in dignity by the fact that their failure has been world-wide, bloody, and costly both in time and in human happiness. The League of Nations is evidently giving place in many men's hopes and imaginations now to what is at present an even more unsubstantial uncreative gesture — the Federation Idea. Something may be made of it perhaps, but at present it is no better than a pious aspiration.

The pretensions of Communism to world leadership have been exploded for all time by Mr. Molotov, the Russian Foreign Minister. He has declared that the U. S. S. R. has its own "ideology" and will not interfere with the "ideologies" of other states. There, for the present, Russia closes its revolutionary story. With these words the U. S. S. R. becomes no more than a nationalized imperialism, and resigns whatever pretensions it has ever had to revolutionary leadership in the world. The Communists who work for it in other countries become now simply the propaganda agents of a foreign Power.

The only governments to which a rational man can now give even provisional allegiance are governments which have accepted our Declaration of Rights as their basic political law, which are consciously provisional and confessedly doing their work in trust for the world pax.

An act of gross cruelty or injustice that occurs in Manchuria or Danzig is as much an Englishman's concern now as if it occurred in Nigeria or Cardiff. Nowadays the infection of such evils travels too fast to be ignored. In only a week of years, as we have seen, a terroristic gangsterism can develop from back-street outrages to a menace to world peace. We need to bring all the world into our map of states and territories. East is East and West is West, but the sooner they get together the better. For matters of local administration it is obviously more convenient to keep together peoples using the same language and having common cultural traditions. The federal government and the world common law will be the joint protectors of entangled minorities and of the passing stranger, in the more intensely patriotic areas.

This being the pattern at which we aim, the policy of a rational man will be toward setting up a state wherever a natural solidarity is to be found. Our first " war aim " will be to secure the acceptance of the Declaration of Rights from as many potential states as possible. Our second should be to facilitate their groupings according to race, kindred, and local preference, whenever they desire it, for their cultural association and protection against the swamping influence of larger systems, keeping always in mind the supremacy of the common law.

THE Slav-speaking states, from Bohemia to Poland and Serbia, might prefer to base their intellectual development upon Russian rather than German. The present French and British governments have made large vague promises to " restore " Czechoslovakia and Poland, apparently to their original boundaries. But both of these, when they were overrun, were artificial political systems. Bohemia is a fairly real country; so is Poland to the extent of the old Grand Duchy of Warsaw or a little beyond; they have every right to be states and to delay and choose their federal associates when they feel like it. But wild pledges by the Allied governments are no more to be respected than any secret treaties they are making. Which is one reason, among many, why there has to be a change of governments in both these countries, as well as in Germany, before there can be any pretense of a European peace settlement.

There are a number of tender-hearted people who do not wish to see Berlin bombed or the common Germans experiencing any of the miseries that they have allowed their government to inflict on other nations. I do not share this excessive tenderness for the German people, nor do I believe a vigorous bombing and so forth would do anything to embitter them against us. They believe themselves to be a brave military race; they evidently feel ruthlessness as a permissible quality in righteous anger; at every opportunity they swagger about, singing heroic songs; and they deny vigorously that they were beaten, as they were beaten, in 1918. They seem to have an ineptitude for reality until it is made extremely real to them. It is a misfortune for mankind that Berlin was not soundly bombed, as it could have been, in 1918.

The Germans have shown very little regard for the sufferings their belligerence has inflicted on millions of people outside their borders.

They have insisted on being a nuisance to all the world; they have stopped the wheels of progress; life is entirely disorganized not only in France and England and Poland but in Sweden, Holland, Belgium, on account of their love of playing soldiers; and it is absurd to concentrate upon Herr Hitler the responsibility for all that fierce, fatuous crowd swaggering which thousands of photographs have recorded.

H. G. Wells, realistic pacifist. " I want an organized world peace. Let the Germans take their medicine now."

There are, I say, many excuses for the Germans — Versailles and the strangulation after 1919-20, etc., etc. We all know how sound their excuses are; nonetheless, they have been excuses for abominable behavior. But I am convinced that vigorous bombing and bombarding, town-wrecking and the like would be an entirely wholesome and chastening experience for them.

It has been for us. Navy-proud Englishmen have never had quite the same feeling about marine bombardments since the shelling of Scarborough; and Mr. Anthony Eden, who opposed the abolition of the bombing plane by the League of Nations, probably sees that weapon now from quite a new angle. One object lesson in such things is worth endless hearsay, as any leader will testify.

The devastated regions of France and Belgium have not made the French and the Belgians into war fanatics. On the contrary, they have made them extraordinarily thoughtful about war. The Germans would be all the better for similar regions in their homeland to meditate upon.

I make these unusual remarks without any feeling of vindictiveness toward Germans. I am a pacifist, but I am a realistic pacifist. I want an organized world peace. I have always thought it a mean way of scoring off an antagonist to turn the other cheek. It is disrespectful to his pugnacity, it is irritatingly smug, and much more likely to stir him up to further outrage than to turn his wrath aside.

Let the Germans take their medicine now. I believe they are potentially one of the greatest peoples upon the face of the earth; I am altogether opposed to any diplomatic arrangements that would cut up their natural great community into small sterilized states. It is a valuable and important population of immense scientific and literary capabilities, which has now to be restored to health even by drastic means.

WE ought now to have a Congress of the Powers mapping things out for Germany, but we ought to put it severally to the ancient divisions of the German Confederation, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Austria, and so on, to accept the Declaration of Rights and to decide how far they will remain separate, and how far they will federate up to the limit of a single complete German-speaking community, unified politically, economically, and intellectually, and how far, severally or altogether, they will come into any wider federal system.

There could be no better factor in a reconstituted world than a demilitarized Germany released from her present obsession with puerile malignancy. The more she is " let off " the realities of defeat, the more she will resent it and lie about it. We want these eighty millions to grow up to a sober and chastened partnership in the world's affairs.

Whatever federal systems we contemplate as we draw the map of our future world are systems that will have a very definite and reasonable aggressiveness. They will need police organization in common not only for mutual reassurance but to control as far as possible what is going on outside the federal boundaries. The coalescence of such international police forces, once they exist and prove their usefulness, into a world system, may go on very rapidly. On the one hand it may be found convenient to entrust air and sea control to such an organization, and on the other it might even keep an eye upon educational reaction.

The ending of warfare will put no stop to the mental conflicts of mankind. The nearer we approach to the abolition of war and the nationalist use of force and economic pressure, the more intense the conflict and competition of languages and types of culture may become.

THE END

Sanctuary

BY ALICE MAXWELL

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE river had been held fast for two weeks now by a thick silver sheet. So solidly had it frozen that Kerry, small Andy, and Skipper, the blue-roan springer, walked over it from their river island home to the mainland, while the cable car, their customary mode of crossing, swung emptily by the old fir tree.

Overhead the sky was a murky yellowish gray. The very air seemed broodingly still and cold. Kerry shivered as she lifted her head. Queer weather for the last of March. Yet everything had been strange and unreal to Kerry since Andrew had been taken from them.

Trudging silently behind small Andy up the path to the road where the school bus came along, Kerry thought of the days they had shared with Andrew and counted them over again like the golden pages of a beloved book. She had known Andrew three years—been married to him for two.

His boy had been six when she came to live on the island. The child's dark unruly hair was the same color as Andrew's. His straight sturdy body would some day be tall and broad-shouldered just as his father's had been. His eyes were blue with that identical deep steadiness. There was even a cleft in the small chin.

Andrew had been strong and capable, too, and so filled with knowledge and courage. Not that little Andy wasn't courageous. It was she, not the eight-year-old who lacked that quality. There were times when she thought the boy discerned her fears; knew that she walked up this path and stood waiting by his side so she might draw from his own small store fortitude for the day which stretched interminably before her.

This morning he asked soberly, "Should I stop at the store on my way home?"

She looked up at the sky, then at the outlying dark green timber, and felt a vague uneasiness. It would be nearly dusk by the time he walked two miles with a heavy sack of supplies over his shoulder. If it should storm—

"I'll go myself this morning, Andy," she said.

"But I can do it," he protested. "I'm not afraid." Those amazingly blue eyes gazed valiantly into her own.

She reached out as if she might touch him, then drew back and smiled briefly, holding on tightly to her feelings. "I'll go. Then you can be home earlier."

The boy looked up at her oddly, almost yearningly, she thought; but as the yellow bus rounded the bend he stooped quickly, held the curly springer close to him for a moment, then picked up his lunch.

"Good-by, Kerry," he said, and swung aboard.

She watched him settle into a place near the driver and tears stung her eyelids as she divined his loneliness for the companionship of a man.

She could have taken the car, she thought. Driven Andy to school and then come by the store. Yet there was something in her that needed hard things. She wanted to be tired. Wanted to plod along the frozen road carrying their supplies. She needed the weight of them to dull the ache inside her.

As her feet mechanically avoided the sharp ruts in the road that led to the small settlement of Morton her thoughts turned to the city. The shops would be gay with new hats and exciting colors. There'd be lovely clothes, music, and new plays. How could she ever have left teeming streets and white lights for this gray desolation? And always the same answer came back to her—Andrew. There had been that something in Andrew that dwarfed all else—made this wild back country, a rushing river, and a little brown house on a river island real living.

Andrew had taught her how to cook on a wood stove—initiated her into the mysteries of luring trout from deep quiet pools. He'd shown her how to overhaul the string of boats he rented to fishermen in the spring and summer and to hunters in the fall. She'd learned how to throw a meal together in no time when men trooped in chilled and ravenous. And loved every bit of it. For always, like a scarlet thread weaving in and out through the pattern of their lives, had been big Andrew—hoisting his small son high—setting him down and coming over to her and uptilting her chin. "Happy, honey? Love your old man? Love your little boy?" Then laughing joyously at the color that flooded her face.

She pressed her knuckles hard against her mouth as realization again swept over her. He was gone. Gone forever! Suddenly she flung back her head and cried, "Oh, Andrew, nothing's right without you! I'm so afraid! So lonely! I'm even

Together they began pulling frantically faster and faster.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

A throbbing tale of peril and storm that brought peace to a lonely, frightened girl

afraid of your boy! We're like two lost souls—"

Kerry had been in the book section of a large department store when she had first met Andrew, who had come in asking for books about cabins. Even in that brief glance she knew there was a difference in him. Later in the afternoon he'd returned from the reference room of the public library, where she'd sent him, and exuberantly shown her the plans he'd so carefully copied. Somehow it hadn't seemed at all strange to be sitting across from him that evening in a restaurant listening to his yarns of the back country. He'd told her about his motherless boy, about the river, rushing and clear.

From then on he dropped in on her first of all whenever he came to town. His eyes grew more tender and her small heart-shaped face took on a new glow of happiness. To her dying day she would remember the time he brought the boy with him. Five and a half then and dressed in a navy blue sailor suit, a beret perched on top of his head. A brand-new outfit, and Andrew so proud over the boy he was fit to be tied! Kerry looked at the little round face—just emerging from babyhood—the long fringe of dark lashes, those grave questioning eyes.

"Andrew, he's absolutely precious!"

"You really mean it? You're not just saying so to please me?" Andrew searched her face.

"I do mean it."

"He's been all I've had in the world, Kerry. We two—we've made it together." Later that evening his hand had reached out and covered hers. "I love you, Kerry—I love you, dearest. But if I thought you and the kid wouldn't hit it off, I'd never ask you to marry me. I couldn't. You understand that, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, Andrew," she said soberly.

"Raising some one else's child isn't easy, Kerry. Doing it for your own is one thing and hard enough—"

"Either you know in your heart, Andrew, that I'd never let you or him down, or else there is nothing for us at all."

"Suppose something should happen to me—"

"He would be more dear to me than anything in the world, for he would be all I had left of you!"

Strangely prophetic her words had been. It all came back to her. The day she had knelt at his side in the cathedral. The two years without a cloud on their horizon. Then, three months ago, Andrew, gone to the city for fishing supplies and to contact sportsmen, had been mowed down in city traffic. He had been as alien to the city as she was out here.

Now, without him, there was no going on. Maybe she could get her old job in the store back again. Take small Andy with her. No use trying to fool herself any longer. Here she was a misfit. It wasn't that Andrew hadn't left them insurance. It was her feeling of inadequacy. And yet—and the thought gave her no peace—Andy would be at odds in the city.

THE potbellied stove in the general store was dull red, and Kerry gratefully warmed her hands while part of her listened to garrulous Jim Sanders, the storekeeper, and his bright-eyed old wife.

"Sure is queer weather," Sanders mused. "The sky has a no-good look about it and it's too still outside to suit me. Like it's saving everything fer one hard blow. If she comes she'll be a bad one—"

"Reminds me of the kind of weather we had twenty years back—before the big storm," Mrs. Sanders said. "That chinook—you've heard them tell of it?" she asked Kerry, who nodded.

"Ain't seen nothin' like it since. It just leveled this whole country out! That island you're living on was flatter'n a pancake. All that growth on it now is twenty-year growth, 'ceptin' the big fir you got the cable fastened to. Somehow that tree knew how to take it!" she laughed.

"That's because it was a fir tree," her husband said sagely. "'T ain't a native, like our pines. Reckon some wind blowed that fir seed from who knows where, and yet when it grew and took root it was stronger than all the rest of the trees. Kind of like some people when they finally take root in a place—"

Kerry looked at him with wide eyes. Could it be that way with her? When spring came and there were flowers and birds, would that indefinable barrier be broken between her and Andy? He'd been so remote—so far away from her—ever since his father's death.

Two days ago a letter had come from a brother of Andrew: "We will take the boy if you feel you cannot carry on."

She'd even been afraid to show Andy the letter—been afraid he'd want to leave her. If the uncle had written, "We'd love to have small Andy. We'd be so good to him," it might have been different. Only she'd have to do something, for they couldn't go on living together with that tightness between them.

"You'd be in a bad way down on the island, with all that thick ice breaking up, if a chinook was to come now," Sanders cut in on her thoughts.

"But we have the cable car. We can always get across!" Kerry said.

"I just happened to remember," Mrs. Sanders said cheerfully, "there was an old hermit living on your island back in those days. After the storm we never got hide nor hair of him. Ice swept him away, I reckon!"

Outside again, Kerry could feel no change in the air, yet a light wind had sprung up and the landscape reflected that mustard light from the sky. As she crossed over the river she heard the ice talking. Thawing sounds!

That afternoon she knelt beside a small trunk, folding and packing things away. But when Andy came from school there was a blue cloth spread upon the scrubbed pine table in the kitchen. Thick warm slices of freshly baked bread lay on a plate, red-currant jelly shimmered in a dish, and a tall tumbler had just been filled with milk.

She wondered if this was the time to tell him of his uncle's letter—of her own plan to leave the island.

"Think I'll take my rifle and look for a rabbit," he said, getting up from the table, and again she saw how much he was like his father.

"Andy, the wind's blowing harder! Should you go now?" She knew there was a note of fear in her voice and she hated herself for it. Quickly she changed. "It would be nice, though, to have fried rabbit. I'll bet you get a dandy!"

Andy raised his eyes to hers, searching her face. She caught her breath at that look. For a moment it seemed all his small heart waited on her.

HE came home without his rabbit, small shoulders drooping. Kerry cut a thick slice from a ham in the storeroom and soon the kitchen was filled with its fragrance as it cooked slowly on the back of the stove. She had already popped potatoes into the oven and opened a can of beans she'd put up in the summer.

Darkness came early—a gloomy saffron cloak. The wind rustled the old dead leaves on the island. She stepped outside, and again she heard those deep under-ice sounds, louder now and ominous.

She awakened suddenly in the night, lay still for a moment, then sat bolt upright. From outside, clear and loud, came the sounds that had awakened her. Tearing—cracking—breaking noises! The ice!

She arose and found her way in the darkness to a window. The wind had left off its mildness. It was now a shrieking, howling gale! Warm and melting. A chinook, just as the Sanderses had predicted. That freakish turn of the weather which dissolved snow and ice faster even than a warm sun.

She closed the window to shut out the storm and lit a lamp, groping at the same time with her bare feet for her slippers and then pulling on a heavy robe.

Out in the kitchen, as she came lamp in hand, she could feel the wind tearing at the house. Unlatching the back door, she peered out into the dark night. As she listened she knew this was no ordinary storm. Up in the timber huge trees were crashing! Broken boughs flew by the door, and far up the river there was a tremendous grinding noise. The ice was moving!

FEARS like shadows raced through her mind. She thought of the hermit—thought of the danger of the house being crushed by a falling tree. Suddenly she slammed and bolted the door and stood leaning against it. What could she do in the night—alone?

But she wasn't alone. She had Andy. Quietly she moved into his room and stood looking down at him. As she bent down to smooth back his hair and straighten the pillow, her hand touched a sodden wadded lump of handkerchief. He had cried himself to sleep. There was a pathetic helpless quality about his unconsciousness. In sleep all barriers were down.

"Poor little tyke," she said softly.

Standing there, she had a sudden clear knowledge what the loss of his father must have meant to him. The man who had been everything to him since babyhood. The fears he had known—the worries. Perhaps he had already guessed she was leaving. He might even be wondering what would finally become of him.

And she had given him nothing but fears. She'd loaded them on him. Instead of giving him courage. It was the thing he must have been looking for in her. But she had no courage! And you couldn't pretend to a child. A child could see right through you.

Kerry's eyes were moist as she bent down again and softly kissed him. "You're my own little boy—my very own! Somehow I'll get some courage, if I have to pull it out of the clouds," she whispered.

Back in her own room she lay in the darkness and listened to the wind drive and pound against the walls of the cabin. She must have dozed as she lay there, for she awakened to a deep reverberating rumble. In an instant she was out in the kitchen. The thick gloom of night had lightened to gray early daylight. She built up the fire and dressed quickly and, after slipping on a warm mackinaw, went outside. A large tree blown from the mainland lay horizontal to the tip of the island. Other debris, pushing and piling against it, had formed a tangled interlocking dam, against which the ice, now broken up and slowly moving, had jammed.

Taking a long pole, she jabbed at the obstruction again and again, trying to dislodge some of the branches and smaller logs. But she was like a pygmy against a giant. Her hands were torn and aching when finally she laid down the pole. She had accomplished nothing! Now the river was higher and ice was moving in on the island on either side! When the water came through or over that huge mass—

Not a minute to lose now! She and Andy must get off the island as soon as possible. Running swiftly back to the house, she came in on the side where the cable was fastened to the old fir tree. Bewilderment—then fear clutched at her. The cage was gone!

Loosened by the wind, it dangled midway between the island and the shore, almost directly over the icy river. Quickly she bent to the crank to wind up the rope and bring back the car. But the supports of the island winch had been damaged by the wind or some heavy flying object, for the winch shaft was twisted in its bearings. She was unable to budge it more than a few inches.

TO put a boat out into that swirling water would be certain suicide, yet there had to be a way to get off the island. She was fighting herself now—and the terror closing in on her!

That monstrous mass of heavy grinding ice would sweep everything before it! A fierce despair welled up in her. This wasn't the end. It couldn't be.

If Andy could help her! A moment later she was in Andy's small bedroom.

"Andy—Andy! Wake up! I need you!" Urgently she shook him.

"Listen, dear," kneeling in front of him, as he sat rubbing his eyes and yawning. "I want you to understand what I am going to tell you." Briefly, tersely, she explained about the ice.

"We've got to try to bring the cage back, so we can cross over. I can't move it alone. Hurry and dress so you can help me! I've laid out your warmest clothing."

Kerry would never know how beautiful she was as she bent to the crank again with the boy at her side, his sturdy rough little hands touching hers. Her hair was a dark cloud as the wind swept it about her. Her eyes were like burning coals in her white face.

After a while she commanded briefly, "Rest now!"

"Kerry, are you afraid?" Andy questioned, his eyes darkly wide.

She hesitated; then, "With *you* helping me! How could I be?"

"Kerry, your mouth's got a white ring about it—just like daddy's used to have when he had something specially hard to do.”

It was the first time in weeks he had spoken of his father. She kept her eyes straight ahead.

“Harder now—we’ve got to make it this time!” her voice rang out.

“It’s moving, Kerry! Look! It’s coming!”

Her hands slipped once, but quicker than lightning and tighter than a vise she gripped the crank anew, rotating it with tremendous effort.

As soon as the cage had passed the river she ran to it, leaving Andy to hold the crank. Raising one hand high, she grabbed at the cage, pushing it ahead of her to the tree, where she tied it securely.

“We did it, stout fella!” She managed a smile at Andy. “There’s a few papers I want from the house, then we’ll be ready to cross.”

SHE dared not think how tired she was already—dared not think of the effort it would take to get the cable car across in the wind. The river, gray-brown and swollen, glutted with small ice cakes, seemed almost to reach out for them, she thought, climbing into the cage after Andy.

“Kerry, we’re not leaving Skipper—”

She glanced briefly at the spaniel, whining softly at the foot of the tree. Fifty pounds of additional weight. No, she hadn’t the strength to manage that extra load. Yet Skipper could never swim that muddy torrent.

“Up, Skip!” she called, and Andy’s eyes rewarded her.

The wind blew them against the fir tree for a moment, delaying her as she struggled with the rope in an effort to move the cage. It took every bit of energy she had to pull herself over in calm weather. The weight of the three of them coupled with the wind hindered her, and the car sagged dangerously back.

A heavy roar drew her eyes to the upper end of the island just in time to see a huge block of ice rush down and pile up against the jam. The river was swifter now—rising higher as it strained at the barrier of logs and ice.

Slowly, imperceptibly, inch by inch it seemed to Kerry, the car began moving up the cable line. She must have been a quarter of the way across when she felt Andy squirming. Glancing down, she saw he was struggling with the dog, trying to hold on to him.

The instant Kerry took her hand from the cable rope to reach for them, the wind swept the cage back down the line to the fir tree.

She closed her eyes for a moment, and slow tears squeezed under her lids and made furrows down her cheeks. But she brushed them impatiently away as she slipped a rope around the springer and tied him to the car.

Then again she braced herself and bent grimly forward. The wind tore at her mercilessly. The cage rocked back and forth on the line as the storm swayed and swung it. She was tired, terribly so. For a moment she relaxed her pulling. She felt as though she was beaten. That gray wall of water would close over her and Andy—

“Kerry—Kerry—let me help you!” Andy screamed at her.

The sound of his voice roused her, brought new strength into her arms. Together now they began pulling frantically, faster and faster—hand over hand—straining at the rope.

The upper bank came closer. It was a blur of misty brown and green. Then, though her fingers kept working, there was nothing to pull. A few seconds later they were all safe on the ground, in the lee of the building which housed the automobile.

ALICE MAXWELL *was born in Minnesota, raised in Idaho, went to college in Montana, and now lives in the State of Washington. She has been writing stories for seven years. Before her marriage she worked on Western magazines and also did publicity. She has a young son who sells Liberty.*

“Kerry, you did it! You weren’t afraid!” Andy exulted.

She stared at him, thinking again how exactly like big Andrew he was. Then she became aware of his words—of the tone in which he’d spoken them! Her arm went about his shoulders.

Side by side they stood looking down at the island. In a few moments ice would sweep over it—push everything before it.

“Our home—it’s going, Andy!” she said slowly.

And when it was gone her decision would have been made for her. She’d be free to go to the city. But as long as she lived she’d know herself for a coward! Because now there was a thing she knew she could do!

“Andy,” she pulled the boy closer to her. “Andy, would you rather live here or in town? Or would you want to go to your uncle’s?”

His eyes, suddenly alarmed, filled with tears. “I want to stay here with you, Kerry. We know how daddy did things. We can manage,” he pleaded.

She saw that he did not comprehend the thing which would soon happen below. Her mouth tightened.

“Andy, look! What would dad have done to that heap of ice and logs?”

“He’d get dynamite and blast it to blazes!” he shouted.

“Keep this, Andy.” She drew a packet from her blouse and thrust it at him. “It’s our papers—insurance—your uncle’s address—”

“Kerry, what are you going to do?” his voice broke.

“We’ve got dynamite over here on this side. In that little shack dad built for it.”

She sped up the road and came back with a box of explosive.

“Don’t be afraid, Andy!” she called to the terror-stricken boy. “I’ve helped dad. Remember the snags he used to blast away.”

Swiftly she pushed the end of a fuse into a copper cap. Crimped it in her teeth. A little muscle in her cheek quivered as she opened the box and took out a stick.

“Got a knife, Andy?” making her voice calm.

She bored a hole in one end with it, then inserted the cap. After which she bound it tightly, casting a keen eye on the fuse as she measured it out.

“Andy, I never realized till now how much I’ve learned out here!”

The boy’s eyes were wide. His face was white as he watched her.

“Kerry!” he cried out once.

“Andy, we can’t let that ice lick us. It’s our home! Be brave now,” giving him a quick pat on the back.

She slipped the box of explosive into a pack and then, almost before she knew it herself, she was in the cable car coasting down the incline. Swiftly she struck up across the island, plunged into the water near the jam.

Up on the bank, Andrew’s boy, watching her, knew this picture would never leave him. He saw Kerry unload her pack, working swiftly. He saw her on her knees — creeping nearer to the key log which held the ice in place. First her arms, then her back, and finally her legs disappeared.

He was crying! Great tearing sobs. Something hard in him had melted. He knew she was doing this for him. He thought of all the other things she’d done. He held his breath when he saw her come scrambling out.

Then gray fuse smoke trailed up from the jam! Was whisked away by the wind. Now Kerry was running! Streaking swiftly to the center of the island.

Suddenly there was a deep growl in the river! Then a tremendous roar. The jam shuddered. A geyser shot high into the air! A great slab of debris heaved upward and scattered. The ice hesitated—reluctant to retreat.

Then, in a slow shuddering movement, it gave way in units. The breach widened and the muddy river swept on in its natural channel, leaving the island safe!

AS Kerry climbed in the cable car to go up for the boy, she was seeing the island as it would be in a few weeks—lush, green, beautiful with wild cherry, syringa, and deep pink roses.

She and Andy would conquer it as big Andrew had. Somehow his spirit would still be a scarlet thread weaving its pattern through their lives in the things he’d taught them both. Never again need she think of herself as an alien. She was a part of all this now. She’d fought and won. Now she was—she was like that fir tree! Her roots had taken hold.

She lifted her head. Her eyes were like stars!

“Coming, Andy!” she called.

THE END

SHALL WE Enroll

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

OUT of the accumulation of the past has come to confront us suddenly one of the greatest problems of today. It is the problem of the stranger within our gates—the foreigner who has come to our shores. It is one that is deeply embedded in my own heart, for I was brought to these United States at the age of eight, an alien immigrant myself. My sympathies are, naturally, with those immigrants who have come here legally, who have accepted the blessings America has to offer, and who have given to the country of their choice, in return, their best efforts and warmest loyalty.

Most of America's estimated 14,000,000 foreign-born would, I think, fall within this category.

But it must be remembered that in the United States are many aliens who have entered illegally and have escaped detection. Some estimate the number at a large figure, possibly over one million. Today, with Europe embroiled in war, some of these constitute a possible danger not only to America's loyal foreign-born but to America itself.

The time to face the problem is now. It can be handled more efficiently, sympathetically, and justly if it is comprehended and dealt with before such time as, possibly, we shall witness the hysteria that follows in the wake of war.

I hope that wave of hysteria never reaches these shores. It did during the last World War. The memories of most of you who read this will recapture the frenzied "spy scares" and witch hunts; the dark moments when every neighbor, foreign-born, was regarded with suspicion because a few aliens richly deserved it.

Such suspicion, much as it is to be deplored, is but the natural human reaction to a condition we often find in America—the sight of an alien preaching lawlessness and the downfall of our American institutions; peddling the rank Red political and economic heresies which are convulsing nations abroad. For such a person—if a fair trial establishes his disloyalty to our American way of life—deportation is the only answer.

It was not until the end of the nineteenth century—when more than one million immigrants a year were arriving here—that we awoke to the fact that our country could not become a catch-all for the surplus population of other nations of the world. We increased the severity of our deportation laws, established quotas, and attempted to protect ourselves against an influx of undesirables.

Then smuggling became a great and powerful and illicit enterprise. When I was Secretary of Labor we investigated the case of a factory owner who had bootlegged into this country an entire family of his relatives at a cost of nearly $6,000 and then had attempted to recoup this money by putting them, under conditions of virtual peonage, to work in his factory.

The Border Patrol was instituted to stem just such back-door entries. Efficient as that organization was, it faced a tremendous task, for smugglers were well organized and our 6,000 miles of shore line offered them unlimited opportunity. Obviously, it is impossible to police the whole vast boundary of our country.

If a Chinese person belonging to the coolie class managed entry, it was practically impossible to effect his deportation. Once he reached the sanctuary of his tong, here in the United States, he found little difficulty in producing witnesses who would swear he had been born here. And the government had no evidence to the contrary.

While we managed to cut down smuggling, I recognized other needs. I urged the intelligent selection of immigrants; stressed the necessity for preventing alien seamen from staying off in our land indefinitely on shore leaves. And I urged that mental, physical, and moral-standard tests be made abroad of applicants for admission to this country before they spent the savings of a lifetime to find out whether they could enter it.

We have gone far to ameliorate the abuses of this country's "melting pot" days. But one weakness remains. Once in the United States, it becomes comparatively easy for aliens here unlawfully to escape detection, to stay.

Ours is the responsibility to see that the foreigner within our land acquaints himself with America and American principles. We cannot fulfill that responsibility unless we meet and know him.

I am convinced that the answer lies in a National Enrollment; periodic enrollment of all aliens.

It is a vital necessity. We need it to protect desirable aliens from lawless malcontents, and this country from a source of harm that, in wartime, may well be grievous.

Our heritage of liberty has imposed certain obligations upon us—the obligations of a kindly host. But we may reasonably expect a sense of fairness, too, from those who are our guests.

We require our own children to attend schools. Is it, then, too much to expect our foreign-born to learn our history, our language, the meanings of our American institutions? I think not. And I think it is important that these things be done now.

Whether all citizens or only aliens should be made subject to National Enrollment is for our best minds, after thorough, impartial examination, to determine.

The truly important thing—for the protection both of our country and those law-abiding aliens living within its boundaries—is that we meet and know and teach our national concept to all who have come here from abroad. It is, I repeat, important that we do this today. We were too busy with other things yesterday. Tomorrow may find us too harassed to see with clear eyes.

THE END

YES

SAYS SENATOR JAMES J. DAVIS

ALIENS?

Two eminent Americans debate the pros and cons of a new plan for the nation's safety

NO

SAYS MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

SHALL people who have entered this country during the last few years, legally or illegally, be fingerprinted? Shall all those who enter this country from now on, during the period of war in Europe, be fingerprinted? Shall we all be fingerprinted? Shall we refuse to fingerprint at all?

With these alternatives in mind, I read Senator J. J. Davis' article. I am fully in accord with his feeling that it is most important "that we meet and know and teach our national concept to all who have come here from abroad." But I think it is not just those who have come here from abroad who need to be met and known and taught! Many who come from abroad value their American citizenship more highly than do some who have for several generations lived in this country.

Most of my own ancestors came to this country a good many generations ago. I can belong to the Colonial Dames and the D. A. R., if it is just a question of ancestry which is involved. Perhaps for that very reason I feel keenly the apathy of American citizens with similar ancestry. They are just as dangerous through their apathy and their ignorance as the alien agitator may be.

The senator says we require our children to go to school. So we do when it is possible for them to go; but a great many of our children, whose forefathers have lived here for many generations, do not get a chance to go to school, and sometimes when they get to school, little is offered them in the way of training for citizenship. It is not just the alien who needs to be taught, and that is something we tend to forget.

I suppose I have an inherent dislike for fingerprinting because it smacks to me of some of the methods used in some countries of Europe today. Here we have been free! Once in this country, no one questioned our right to do as we pleased until we interfered with somebody else's rights, and then the police might step in.

We were once the asylum for the oppressed of the world, the goal of the adventurer, and during our greatest period of development we brought vast numbers of people here to do the hard labor that was needed.

In this last category there are many people who have lived here many years and who haven't become citizens. This is partly because facilities for learning our language and opportunities for becoming citizens haven't been available to them. It is only recently that many of them have realized that they are not citizens.

We could not go on taking an unlimited number of people into our country, and so we have restricted the number, but still those who are here roam around freely as they wish!

I recognize the truth of what the senator says about the dangers inherent in this system. We have no way of telling how many take advantage of this freedom to come at the behest of their governments to preach subversive ideas. We used to be so sure that our democracy was a success that it did not bother us a great deal to have these new ideas preached among us. We knew that there was little fertile ground for them to take root in, and I am wondering if instead of thinking so much about measures for repression today, it would not be more valuable to be bending all of our efforts to reaching that condition again.

The problem, as I see it, divides itself into two distinct situations: One, what can we do about such aliens as have been here many years, some of whom came in legally and some illegally, but who have proved themselves good citizens? For this group I think legislation should be passed.

Why not offer to all aliens who have come into this country in the past an opportunity to come in and register and become American citizens, regardless of their method of entry? Why not say that in the future any one coming into this country shall, after a given period, be expected either to become an American citizen or to leave? This would mean that all aliens with a clean record would become American citizens.

The only reason that many aliens are not reported today is that their neighbors feel a sympathy for them. They have known them over a period of years, and they know they have been good neighbors and good citizens. If this opportunity were well publicized and time given for all to comply, I think there would be a general willingness on the part of all citizens to co-operate. We would not have much difficulty in discovering any one who was newly smuggled in. Their neighbors would soon report suspicious characters.

Now we come to our second category, however—the really dangerous aliens who come in as spies or to bring about unrest by preaching foreign doctrines. The legislation suggested above would not take care of this group. They may be smuggled in or come in on false passports. Perhaps there is no way of safeguarding ourselves except by requiring that new aliens, when interviewed and photographed at the point of departure in another country, shall also be fingerprinted. This will give us an opportunity to test in a small way the value of fingerprinting. This will make it impossible to enter on a false passport. Our law-enforcement agencies will then know that if a man has been here a number of years, he must be a citizen, otherwise there is something wrong. If a man has come over recently, his fingerprints will be on his card of admission.

We can then decide in the future, when the world is again in a peaceful state, whether fingerprinting offers sufficient protection for us all to be fingerprinted.

It seems to me that no group among us should be singled out; it should be all citizens or none.

THE END

Warning to Joe Louis!—Beware Godoy's South American punch, says an ex-champ who learned about fighters from Firpo

Is this a coming

BY JACK DEMPSEY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

JOE LOUIS has arrived at that stage of his fistic career where the only question that arises when he is matched to defend his title is "How long will his opponent last?"

That's what the fight fans are asking today about Arturo Godoy, the young man from Iquique, Chile, who is to fight Louis soon in Madison Square Garden.

The consensus ranges from three to six rounds, although the affair is scheduled for the regulation championship distance of fifteen.

I am inclined to agree with those whose guess is three rounds. I also believe that as long as Godoy is in there fighting, he will give Louis a battle, for he is big enough and strong enough; he stands a fraction under six feet and weighs 200 pounds in fighting form. Whether he will supply the toughest competition Louis has encountered since winning the title, as the majority of fight fans believe he will, depends wholly on what tactics the men use.

The time has come when Joe Louis must be given full credit for being a great fighter. He's finally proven it. It's not his fault there's no really dangerous competition for him—or *is* it? He knocks 'em off before they reach the peak of their development, it's true; but no doubt the managers are to blame for this, because in their greed to grab the loser's end, they send their charges against the champion, who completely outclasses them. Perhaps the fight public is partly to blame too, for they are eager and willing to see the champion in action, even against inferior opposition; there's always a chance, they figure, that the unexpected might happen.

When two big strong men get into a prize ring, well trained, there's always a possibility that a lucky punch might decide the issue. The "lucky" punch, of course, always is the one landed by the long shot; for no matter how "lucky" a punch delivered by the favorite might be, it never is regarded as such. Instead, it is accepted as well planned and executed. Indeed, in fight parlance, "lucky" punch really means "accidental" punch.

On the records of the two men, the probability of a lucky, accidental, or any other kind of punch winning for Godoy is extremely remote.

But still I seem to remember that some sixteen years ago—my, how time flies!—they said the same thing about another battler who came up here from South America and made a bid for the heavyweight title. And *what* a bid! He came within one little shove of winning it—a little shove that came from *outside* the ring!

That was Luis Angel Firpo, the "Wild Bull of the Pampas." I don't know who ever named him Angel, unless they meant angel of destruction, but in my book he sure rated that other moniker, except that to me he was the "Wild Bull of the Polo Grounds"!

I also remember that when I got my bearings the following day and read the experts' accounts of the battle, most of the boys dwelt on the "lucky" punch landed by Firpo, but they all picked the wrong punch, namely, the one that knocked me through the ropes onto approximately a thousand different typewriters (according to subsequent versions). They overlooked a terrific right-hander that landed flush on my chin a few seconds before that, in the center of the ring. That blow staggered and dazed me so that I didn't know whether I was afoot or ahorseback! From the time it landed until I came to, sitting in my corner, only a few seconds before the bell called me out for the second round, I didn't know anything. I was out on my feet!

There was nothing accidental about that right-hander landed by Firpo. He had been trying it right from the start of the fight, whenever he had time to throw any kind of punch. It was his specialty, the blow which had won for him a string of victories up till then, and he depended upon it to carry him through to the title.

So, if he landed a "lucky" punch, I got all the *lucky breaks* in that hectic set-to. Even to this day I'm told that was the most sensational fight ever waged for the world's title. Personally I wouldn't know . . . I didn't *see* it!

Joe Louis is no more of a favorite over Godoy in this coming fight for the title than I was over Firpo back in 1923. Most of the experts of the day picked me to score a K. O. in the first round. The one thing they overlooked, or didn't realize, was the enormous capacity of Firpo to withstand punishment. That, and that alone, was the big factor which turned our contest into a real ring thriller.

One of the most important essentials of a great fighter is the ability to withstand punishment. I don't think Godoy is a great fighter, but he is rugged, strong, forceful, and has shown he can joust with the roughest and toughest of them. In fact, I've noticed these fighters from South America are, on the whole, a hardy lot who aren't bowled over by one or even two or three hefty wallops to the old potato. They even seem to battle harder the more they get pummeled; and then come through with considerable walloping and roughing on their own account. It seems to be the South American way.

In his fights here in the United States, Godoy showed sturdy aggressiveness. He was far from a fancy Dan, or clever boxer type, and, although his record is studded with draws and losses, he was a plugger who took any amount of punishment but who never seemed the worse for wear.

Some fighters are like that; "club fighters" they call 'em. They're usually just a tinge off championship color, lacking one-punch-knockout power, but being good hitters and rough, tough battlers.

Such fighters, when they get up into the top flight in their respective classes, are always in demand, and consequently kept busy; sometimes, too, they go on to win championships. Godoy demonstrated in his two fights in this country against Tony Galento that he was willing to trade wallops with hitters, and that he can take a few lusty swipes and still keep on being tough and aggressive.

He came up to my gym nearly three years ago to work out with me and some of the boys, including Clarence "Red" Burman and little Sixto Escobar. He was not exactly what you'd call adept at shooting a left jab, so I spent some time schooling him in the art of "stabbing off" and "setting up" an opponent for a right cross by using the left. Although he could scarcely speak our language then, he proved an apt pupil, but I doubt that he can have mastered the blow well enough to match jabs with the champion, who today is the best and fastest jabber in the world.

One thing impressed me on that occasion: Godoy's ability to withstand a shocking punch with what the big-

Arturo Godoy picks up some pointers from the ex-champ who well remembers another South American heavyweight.

Champion?

word lads call nonchalance. In demonstrating the jab and right cross, I let one go that caught Arturo right on the button. The blow shook him, but he took it O. K., and then asked me in that broken English of his to "do it again," so he could see if he could stand up under *two* such clouts. I couldn't see the necessity of using the fellow as a punching bag, even though the gloves we were wearing were the training gloves used in practice and are bigger than regulation fighting gloves.

I found Godoy much faster than I expected. He was clever in the sturdy manner that keeps a fellow from getting hit often while he keeps busy himself pounding away with both hands.

Arturo saw a lot of action here—he fought ten star bouts in 1937, and about the same number, I believe, in 1938—and the time inevitably came when he felt he was in line for a crack at the champion. When this wasn't forthcoming, Godoy went back to South America and we all thought he had retired from the ring. But he hadn't. He battled on with more or less success, and eight months ago married a beautiful South American girl.

Meanwhile, Mr. Al Weill, astute manager of Lou Ambers, lightweight champion, and Joey Archibald, the present featherweight titleholder, had watched Tony Galento and Bob Pastor perform against Louis. He recalled that while Ambers and Godoy were both training at Mme. Bey's in New Jersey, Arturo had made overtures to Ambers to have Weill take over his, Godoy's, management also. So Mr. Weill, who is not called astute because his first initial is A, cabled Godoy asking him if he would fight Joe Louis.

Godoy answered right back that he would gladly fight Louis, and would start for the good old U. S. A. immediately upon receipt of his fare. He didn't even ask how much he would get. Weill cabled him passage money, and Arturo arrived here last November, accompanied by his bride. Almost immediately he went into preliminary training. He took quarters in his old training camp at Mme. Bey's, leaving his bride in an apartment in New York City. He bowed to Weill's decree that taboos fighters' wives from their training camps. "Whitey" Bimstein took charge of the South American's early preparation, and is sold on the idea that he'll put up a whale of a fight.

Godoy *may* make a sensational or spectacular showing, just as Firpo did, but Louis carries too much dynamite, too heavy guns for him, I believe. All we can hope for, in my opinion, is that he will make a real battle of it, and, according to his manager, wily Al Weill, he'll surely do that.

"I don't say we'll *win*," Al told me recently, using, of course, the fight manager's personal pronoun when discussing his fighter, "but we'll make a helluvan attempt! I'll have him in perfect physical condition. He's only twenty-seven years old, and he's been fighting about six years, which puts him right in his fighting prime, both from the point of age and experience.

"Never mind about his record—although it's not a bad one. It's true he lost decisions to Roscoe Toles, Alberto Lovell, and Vittorio Campolo, but he came back and redeemed himself against these same fellows in return matches. He piled up a long string of victories, too."

Al, being of a slightly superstitious turn of mind, pointed out that he already has two world's champions under his management and that "all good things come in threes," from which one might deduce that Al has a sneaking notion that Godoy *might* cop the title from Louis.

Godoy avows his confidence in his ability to take Louis. He says he will astound and surprise everybody, including Louis—everybody, that is, except himself.

Weill has a diamond-studded watch which Arturo covets mightily.

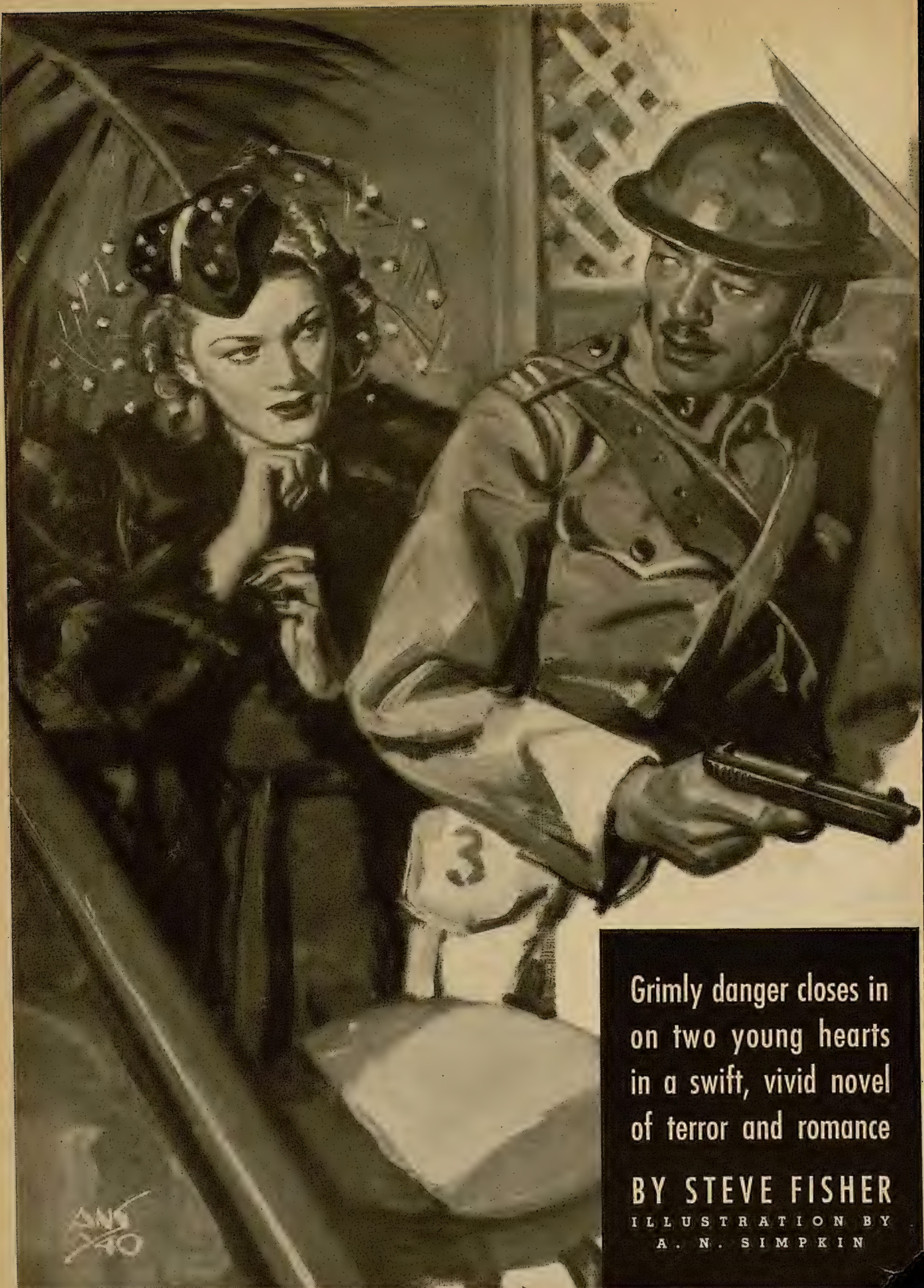
"Will you give me that watch if I win?" he asked the manager.

"It's a deal," replied Weill.

"O. K., don't hock it; it's as good as mine," said Godoy.

Yeah, it's as good as his—if he doesn't take ten seconds out for *resting* on the night of the fight!

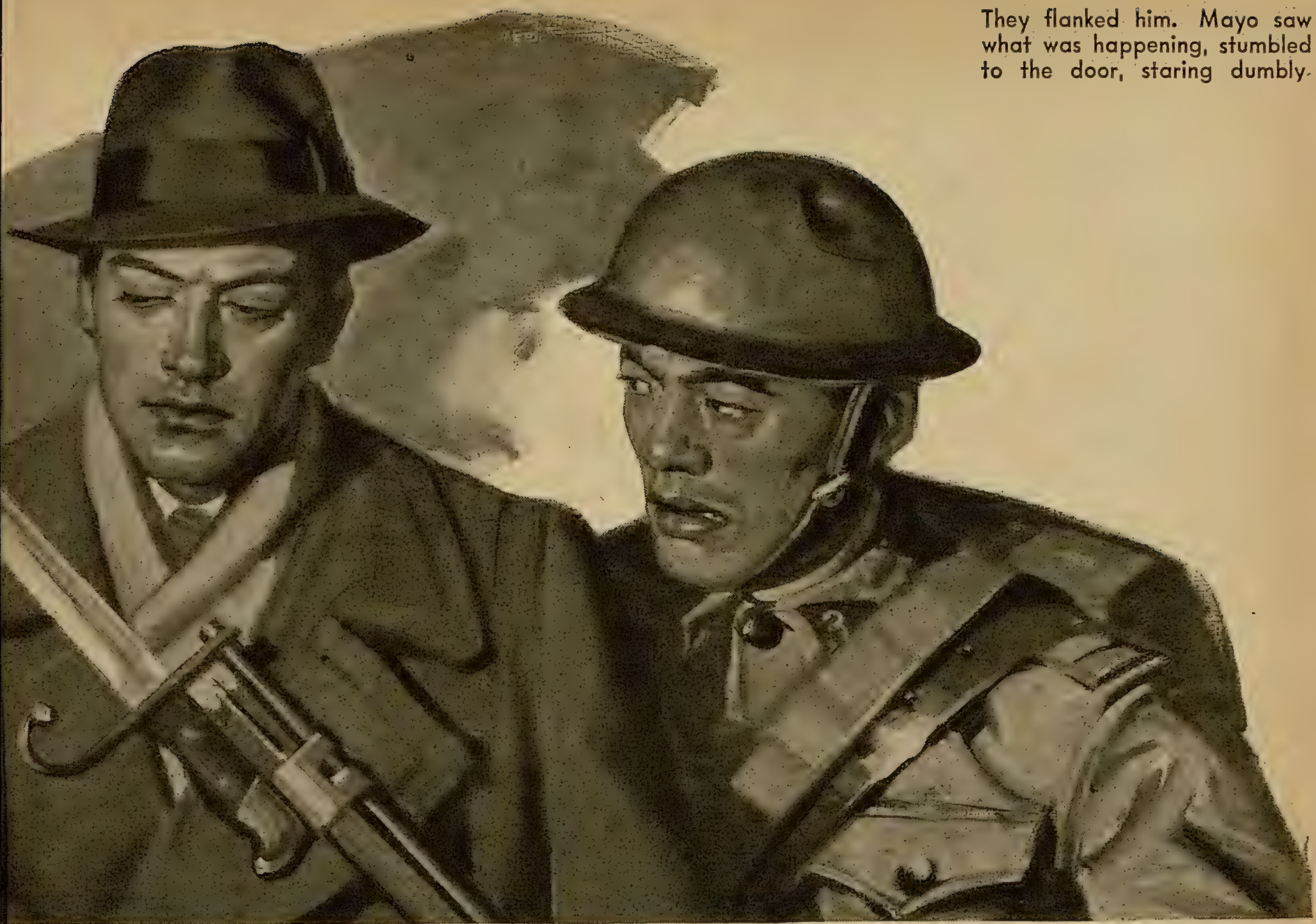
THE END



Grimly danger closes in on two young hearts in a swift, vivid novel of terror and romance

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATION BY
A. N. SIMPKIN



They flanked him. Mayo saw what was happening, stumbled to the door, staring dumbly.

TYPHOON OVER NANKING

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHEN the first Japanese bombs drop on Nanking, Mayo Wells, an American girl who, with her art-collector father, has lived in the city for many years, is with Kai Hiromi, a high official of the Japanese army. She has gone to see him in his secret hiding place to ask him to restore a hospital in Soochow to the Chinese. But the thin smile on his lips, and the way he looks at her when the planes roar above, rouse her fear and anger. Although she has always considered him a friend, she distrusts him now. Swiftly she rushes out, finds a telephone, and calls her father to come to meet her.

In the meantime, Walter Wells is at his home with Dr. Clinton and young Johnny Morrel, a newspaper correspondent who is in love with Mayo. Wong, an old friend of Wells and now a Chinese army officer, brings a letter written by Hiromi and intercepted by the Chinese. The note proves that, as soon as his troops arrive, Hiromi plans revenge on Wells for some anti-Japanese articles he has written. In the face of this betrayal, Wells agrees to tell Wong where the Japanese is hiding.

After Mayo telephones, Wells and Johnny drive to meet her. The city is panic-stricken, bombs are raining destruction, terror is everywhere. The three Americans try to leave, but are sent back to the Safety Zone.

Late that night, Walter is sitting alone. The front door opens. He goes into the hall and sees a man standing there. It is Hiromi. One hand presses a shoulder wound; the other holds a gun.

PART THREE—A LIE FOR LOVE

THE dim hall light shone yellowly against the mirror, and its reflection made lines on Hiromi's sweating face. The clothes of the Japanese were torn, his boots covered with dust. He palmed the automatic firmly, viciously. The hand he held pressed to the wound on his shoulder he lifted away and looked at. It was wet with blood. Hiromi's eyes came up.

"I've been a fugitive. Even when my troops first entered the city, it wasn't safe." His breathing was labored. "I lay like a corpse in the debris of a bombed building . . . unable to move lest some one see me and—"

He broke off, waiting. Through half-closed eyes he measured Walter like a mathematician: the fractional lines that must come to Walter's face, the infinitesimal dimension that would destroy the mask of a countenance and betray conscience or fear. But he knew nothing, Walter thought; there was nothing of which he could be positive.

Hiromi went on: "So I came here." His lips parted as if to gesture a smile, but anger flared with passionate intensity and his words vomited in vitriolic spasms. "One comes to the house of a *friend* when he is in trouble." He paused, his tone scaling down and turning sweet with menace. "You *are* my friend, aren't you, Walter?"

Walter was motionless, staring past Hiromi, neither confirming nor denying.

Hiromi's teeth flashed. "Why do you stand there? Have you no tongue? I am bleeding. I am in pain."

"Bandages?"

Breath hissed from between Hiromi's lips. It was a game, as though Hiromi hated Walter so desperately he wanted to go slowly with him, administering the torture and suspense of waiting.

"Yes—bandages." He put away his gun.

Walter motioned him into another room, and then he turned and went to the telephone. He picked up the instrument. But he heard Hiromi behind him. Walter quivered with rage as Hiromi's hand grasped him by the shoulder and brought him about. For a moment their faces were only inches apart. Hiromi's eyes were hot with suspicion.

"What are you doing, Walter?"

"I intended to call Dr. Clinton."

Hiromi's gaze lasted a second longer, probing, searching. Then his hand dropped. He went into the living room and sat down. Walter completed the call. He found Hiromi in a leather chair, the gun in his lap.

"Clinton will be here shortly."

Hiromi's trembling hand rolled a cigarette and put it between his lips. He flicked a match and lit it. His smile was ghastly. "Tomorrow things will be different."

"You will control Nanking?"

"Completely. And yet, an hour ago I was hunted through its streets. I trusted blindly—and I was betrayed. But there will still be justice when . . ."

Walter whirled furiously. "Why do you tell *me* these things?"

"I think noisily . . . forgive me."

The front door opened and closed. Clinton came down the hall, mumbling audibly. His bag was in his hand, and he was still talking when he came into the room:

"The Japs are here; already there is a rush on the hospital. I didn't come to Nanking to serve, but it looks as though—"

His voice stopped. He stared at Hiromi.

"Kai Hiromi," Walter said.

CLINTON nodded. If Hiromi had watched for expression, he was disappointed. Clinton put down the bag and moved forward in a professional manner. "This is . . . an experience." He began unbuttoning Hiromi's tunic with his right hand. With his left he lifted the gun from Hiromi's lap. Hiromi bounced forward, and Clinton chided him: "Careful!" He laid the gun on the floor. Speechless and tense, Hiromi still struggled. Clinton pushed him back into his chair. He picked up a pair of scissors and began to cut away garments. "It's usually the Chinese that I treat," he continued. "I've never been able to get my hands on a Japanese before."

"Watch what you're doing!"

"If you feel I am inexpert, by all means leave the wound unattended. I can assure you of gangrene and certain death within ten hours."

Hiromi was breathing hard, but he submitted. Dr. Clinton worked rapidly, a flicker of amusement on his jaded young face. Hiromi glanced at Walter, and presently he resumed talking.

"It was a man named Wong who came to kill me. There were others with him. I cannot understand how Wong discovered where I was hiding."

"Wong?" interrupted Clinton. "Walter, do you know any Chinaman named Wong?"

"Never heard of him."

Hiromi's eyes glittered savagely. "Haven't you? That's strange. I understood that he was a friend of yours."

"Ridiculous," Clinton breathed, but there were beads of sweat on his cheeks.

Hiromi continued inexorably: "Wong intercepted a note I had intended for Japanese headquarters. There was a mention in it concerning Walter Wells. A wholly inaccurate conception *might* have been derived from the stupid manner of my wording." He looked at Walter. "I said you'd be in Nanking when the troops came. It was about those articles you wrote condemning Japan. One of our officials expressed a desire to—to impress you with Japan's higher ideals and motives. He wanted to—"

Clinton's voice was incredulous: "Did you see any note like that?"

Walter shook his head solemnly.

DOUBT came to Hiromi's face for the first time. He had devised a lie to cover what had been his own betrayal of Walter, and now he was in the curious position of wondering whether it had been necessary. Having written the articles, Walter could not hope to escape Japanese revenge. But whether he had turned Hiromi over to Wong, Hiromi could not be sure. It was certain that whatever was to happen to Walter, it would be a great deal more terrible if Hiromi could be positive of his guilt.

"Wong got my address from some one," Hiromi said at length. "I mean to discover *who.*"

"And deal with him personally?" Clinton asked. His flippancy was arrogant. "I don't blame you. Why, you might have been killed!"

"Yes," Hiromi breathed; "I might have been killed."

Minutes moved swiftly; conversation died. Clinton finished the last bandage as the gray murk of dawn breathed light on the windows.

He helped Hiromi to his feet, and put about his shoulders the ragged remains of the tunic. He picked up the gun, held the barrel down, and took Hiromi by the arm. "Try and walk . . . steady, now." He led Hiromi slowly into the hall, and then forward. Walter followed. Clinton gestured, and Walter opened the front door. Hiromi looked baffled—helpless. Then silent rage worked on his face. Clinton carefully put the gun in the holster and buttoned the pouch. He bowed curtly.

"No charge," he said. "If the shoulder should give you trouble—"

When the door was closed, Clinton turned, his face convulsed. Walter could not help but smile.

"He still suspects that you warned Wong," Clinton said, "but he'll spend the next two days trying to make sure."

They returned to the living room. "And that wound in his shoulder was no more than a scratch," Clinton continued, "but did you see how scared he was? Even the strongest men are putty in a doctor's hands!"

"Still," Walter said, "when he *does* find out it was I who tipped off Wong—"

Clinton sobered. "It'll be worse. I know. I don't know why we stall." He moved toward the whisky decanter and poured himself a drink. "Maybe it's because in our secret hearts we're all afraid of death."

He took the drink straight, and shook his head.

MAYO half awakened. Drowsily she turned on the pillow to doze again into slumber, but suddenly she opened her eyes. In that instant she was wide awake. It was morning, but there was something new and different in the atmosphere. She felt like a child who wakes up remembering that today is Christmas. Yet only half was elation; the other half was nervousness. She wondered if it was because the Japanese had entered Nanking that she felt differently. Or if it was because she was in love. Quietly she lay there, thinking of Johnny. Johnny with his magic—and his laughter! Eagerly she sat up, reached for the telephone. She called Johnny's hotel and was connected with his room. It was some time before he answered, and then, when he came on, his voice was thick with sleep:

"'Ello—yes?"

"Mr. Morrel?" She smiled wickedly. "This is New York calling."

"New York . . . oh . . . oh, yes. I—"

"Are you ready with a story?"

"I—I'm ready," he said.

"Go ahead, please." She paused, delighted with the joke, but realizing it had gone far enough. "Johnny—"

He had already started, and he was too sleepy to recognize her voice or realize there had been an interruption.

"Nanking. China's capital has fallen, and Japanese troops now occupy the city . . . ending a siege in which forty thousand soldiers of the Rising Sun lost their lives, and nearly twice that number Chinese. Twice last night bombs rained from the sky, wreaking human havoc and causing damage estimated in the millions. An hour later all gates were closed and the first Japanese infantrymen were entering the city. All Americans and other foreigners who failed to leave yesterday on the U. S. S. Panay found escape blocked . . ."

"Johnny . . . it's me."

He must have had his eyes closed,

(Continued on page 20)

Instructions for doing yourself 3 great favors

1. ↑

Do your pocketbook a great favor: Hie yourself to your favorite package store and learn the swell news about Paul Jones!

Long known as one of America's finest whiskies—it has now been reduced to *a popular price!* Yet, it's still exactly the same "expensive whiskey" that used to cost so much more...still *DRY* (not sweet)...still *ALL whiskey,* every drop. You'll do your budget a real turn by buying a bottle of Paul Jones *today.*

2. ↗

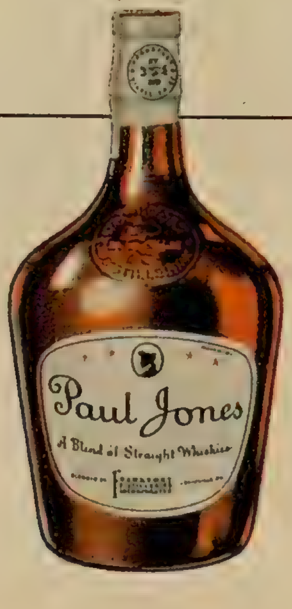
Do your palate a great favor: Hurry home with that Paul Jones and *try it!*

First, pour some in a jigger and beam over its rich, *ALL-whiskey* bouquet. Next, sip a bit and pat yourself on the back over its "*dry*" tang...its "tastes-like-it-cost-more" flavor. You'll agree this introduction to *DRY* Paul Jones is the biggest favor you've done your palate in many a day!

→ 3.

Do a great favor to your popularity as a host: Next time you have guests, serve Paul Jones...and get ready to take some bows!

That zestful *DRYNESS* will give the drinks a briskness and character your friends will cheer. And—if they're *very good* friends—do *them* a favor and let them in on the good news about Paul Jones' new low price!


Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

TRY

Paul Jones

AT ITS NEW LOW PRICE

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

(Continued from page 18)

been leaning back on a pillow, mumbling mechanically.

"A day ago," he continued, "planes dropped leaflets over the city stating, quote, The Japanese troops exert themselves to the utmost to protect good citizens and enable them to live in peace, enjoying their occupations, unquote, but your correspondent witnessed scenes of rape and cold-blooded murder contradicting this promise. Thousands of homeless Chinese today are crowding into the Safety Zone. Ginling College, the War School, Supreme Court, and other buildings are being filled with women—"

"Johnny—" Mayo's voice was desperate now.

"Here in the Safety Zone bombs killed forty citizens in front of the Bible Teachers' School . . . and shattered the Foo Chong Hotel . . ."

"Johnny."

HIS voice droned on. He must have been talking into the mouthpiece without listening to the receiver. Mayo could stand no more of it. Bleakly she hung up, and there were tears in her eyes. In her happiness she had been selfish. She had failed to realize the horror into which Nanking had turned. She sat there, motionless, and Lee Yuan entered, carrying orange juice on a tray.

Mayo looked up. Lee Yuan was slim, pretty. Shiny black bangs framed her face.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Lee." She took the tray. "Are you very sad, darling?"

"No." There was a queer expression on Lee's face. "Not for myself. But—I'm afraid."

"Lee, you're not in love?"

The amah smiled and nodded. "It happened so long as a week ago. He is a student at the university."

"Tell me about him."

"His honorable father is a merchant in Hangchow. My loved one's name is Liu Pan-kwen."

"Is he very handsome?"

"Oh, very; and extremely young. Else he should be serving this very minute with our noble General Tang Sheng-chi, who was in charge of the army here. I am—"

The telephone rang. Mayo picked it up and answered. Lee Yuan departed. Johnny was on the wire.

"Say . . . did you call me a little while ago?"

"I'm sorry, darling."

"And said it was New York?"

"I confess everything!"

"And a good thing! New York *is* going to call, but if I said all that I told you I'd be in the Japanese jailhouse. Censors hang on those long-distance lines. I'll have to give an edited story. I was so sleepy that—"

"That you told the truth."

"That's it."

"It didn't sound very pleasant."

"No . . . it's not pleasant. You've got to be awfully careful today. Don't leave the zone."

"When am I going to see you?"

"How about this afternoon, four o'clock? At the International Club."

"Elegant," she said. "The bar?"

"The bar, my wafer. And by the way—"

"Yes?"

"I love you."

"How much?"

"Honey, a man has no way to measure his heart. But to me you're like chimes on Christmas Eve. You're as breathless and as fragrant as April in Paris—"

"Oh, Johnny!"

"As long as I have you—"

"As long as we have each other—"

20 QUESTIONS

1—This movie star rose from extra to featured artist. He is appearing in the third of the series of pictures in which he made his reputation, sharing the spotlight with a baby as well as with his movie master and mistress. Who is he?

2—When did a U. S. President act as mediator at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, of a war fought on the other side of the world?

3—The composers, Oscar Straus, Johann Strauss II, and Richard Strauss wrote Der Rosenkavalier, The Chocolate Soldier, and The Blue Danube, but who did which?

4—What American League baseball players had a 1939 batting average of .360 in a .291 club; a .381 average in a .287 club; and a .351 average in a .271 club?

5—How do Indians collect pine nuts?

6—Is Petsamo, Finland, directly north of Rome, Cairo, or Bombay?

7—If a canvasback duck, a duck hawk, a deer botfly, and a racing motorboat had a race, how would you bet for win, place, and show?

8—If you put one thermometer in the sun and one in the shade, which will give the truer record of the temperature?

9—What Prime Minister of a dominion within the British Commonwealth of Nations once fought against Britain?

10—What famous golfer, famous economist, and well known fighter all have the same last name?

11—There is one Paris in France. How many are there in the United States?

12—Who crossed a river with an army and thus created a figure of speech that means to take a decisive and hazardous step?

13—What did the little Eohippus grow up to be?

14—How does the tonnage of a German pocket battleship such as the late Admiral Graf Spee compare with that of the U.S.S. Pennsylvania?

15—What two famous American war cries began with "Remember"?

16—Is the one-l lama the beast or the priest?

17—What American automobile has been manufactured for a longer period than any other on the market?

18—What other peculiar peoples or lands did the traveler, Lemuel Gulliver, visit besides the island of Lilliput?

19—What bit of modern magic that can open and close doors and count objects is operated by a change in the condition of light around it?

20—What explorer added Horton River to the map of Canada?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

"That's it . . . There'll be—" He paused, and his voice seemed suddenly thick. "Look, kid; I'll see you at four."

When Mayo hung up, she sat there for a long time and did not move.

The remainder of the morning she would always remember. The city water had been turned off. The telephone service stopped at noon. There was no longer electricity. Outside of the window Chinese clustered, while Japanese troops moved through the streets, flowing in from the south and through the zone. There was a wild confusion of voices. Gunfire, shrapnel; planes droning endlessly. Foreigners dashing quickly into doorways. A mad bedlam.

It was Walter who worried Mayo most. He had not slept, nor would he eat. His eyes were hollow. He was nervous, jumpy. He moved through the house like a man who is lost. At last he came to her.

"I belong on the committee. It's foolish for me to stay here in the house. They need me. There is more work here in the zone than we can ever do. Clinton's sobered up, you know. He's at the hospital. Some of the others are down, disarming Chinese soldiers who have no way of escaping the city. Rice is stored outside the gates and will have to be brought in."

He recited the facts like a man in a daze. Mayo had the horrible feeling that something was hanging over her father's head.

"Daddy . . ."

"So—so I've got to be going. You take care of yourself."

His bloodshot eyes were bleak. He turned and moved down the hall. She heard the door slam. He had forgotten his coat and hat. She ran to get them for him. Something's wrong, Mayo thought. He's in some terrible danger.

SHE fled from the house, carrying the hat and coat—and in the rush she'd forgotten her own. It was cold. The December sun was weak. The street was miserably crowded. Japanese soldiers turned and stared at her. She saw a Chinese woman pinned against the wall, a Japanese holding her there with his hand on her shoulder. She jerked him away and slapped his face. Then she ran on. But she stopped again, aghast. The Communications Building, the most beautiful structure in all Nanking, was wrapped in leaping flames. She could not get her breath. Had shellfire done it . . . or the fleeing Chinese?

The Japanese were looting stores and shops as they came in . . . the Chinese burning them as they went out. The fighting was finished: the rape of the city just begun.

Mayo heard a heavy rumble. She crowded against a building with Chinese. Huge Japanese army trucks rolled past, tanks, heavy artillery on wheels. When they were gone, she continued; but she had lost track of her father and she did not know in which direction he had gone.

She threaded her way back toward the house. She could not help worrying about Walter. . . . What was it that obsessed him so? She reached the house and climbed the steps.

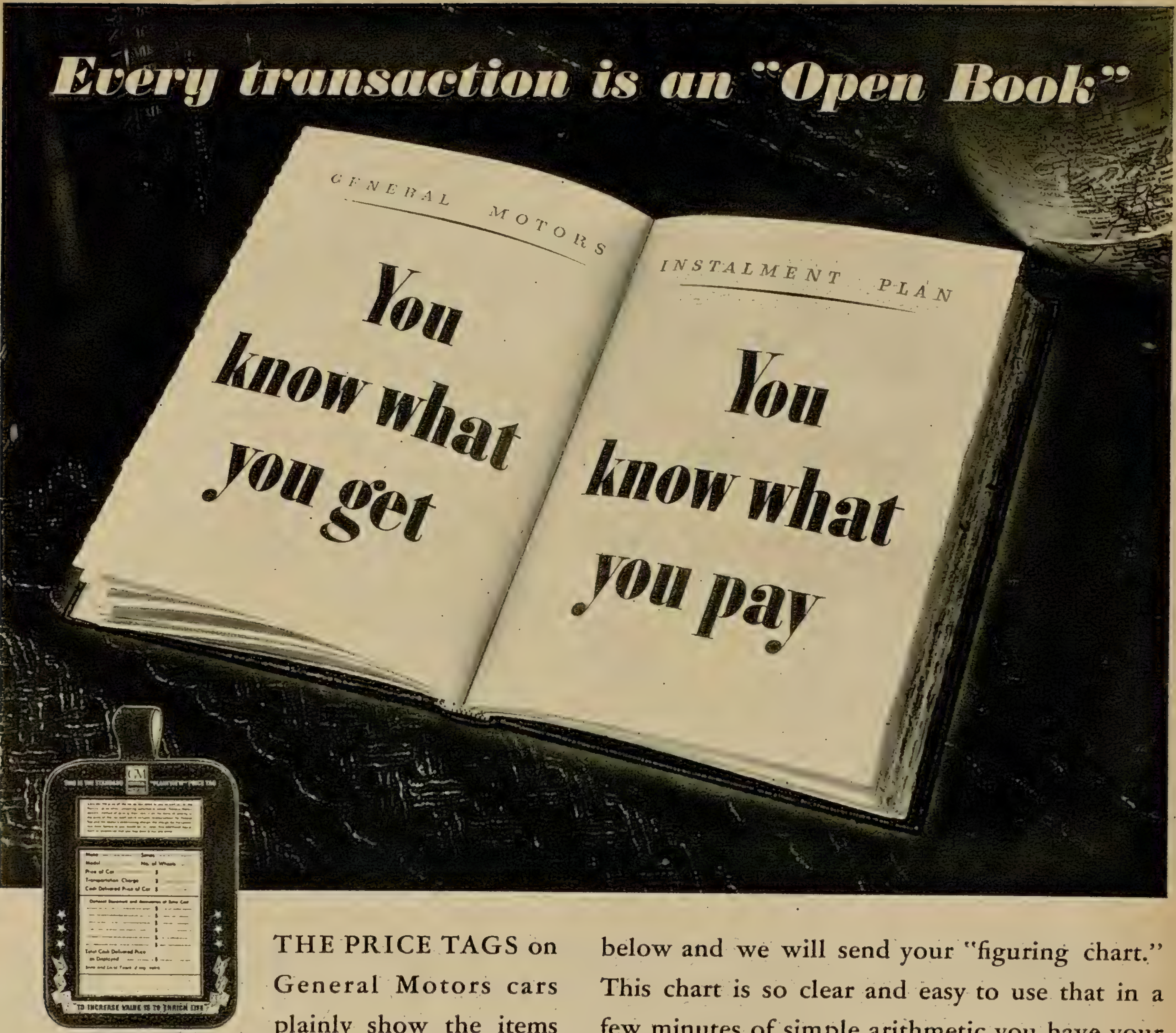
Dr. Clinton was waiting inside. He had just arrived. He was in hospital whites.

"Where's Walter?"

"I—he just left; forgot his coat—" She paused. "Bert, tell me, what's wrong with him?"

(Continued on page 22)

Every transaction is an "Open Book"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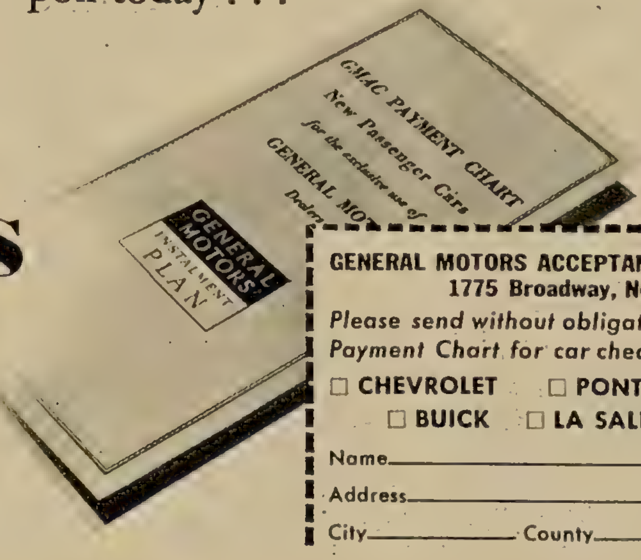
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(Continued from page 20)

"Wrong with him? Has Hiromi been here?"

"No; I—"

"Then nothing's wrong with him, Mayo. He's just worried—like all of us. Have you heard the latest? It's rumor, of course, but it sounds authentic."

"What is it?"

"The Panay—sunk!"

Mayo was incredulous. "I don't believe it! Why, that's an *American* ship and—"

"And this is a Japanese war. You've got something there, honey. Here—give me Walter's hat and coat. I think I know where to find him—"

Clinton took the things from her, and a moment later he was gone.

Dazed, Mayo went into the other room.

Lee Yuan was here. Sympathy worked on her face. "Is there anything I can do?"

Mayo sat down. "I don't think so." She felt numb. The Panay! If they'd dare a thing like that— She could not wipe from her mind the gaunt, haunted expression on her father's face.

"Lee . . ."

"Yes?"

"Dr. Clinton said something about Hiromi. Do you know what he meant?" She looked up. "Do you know what it is that has frightened my father?"

"No, mistress. But I do know that Hiromi was here. I heard him when he came in. It was before dawn. He was wounded."

"Wounded?"

"Yes . . . and very angry. A Chinese general had discovered where he was staying and had gone there to kill him."

MAYO was on her feet. "No—that's impossible! That's—" Her mouth closed. She was stunned. Something inside her mind was screaming. "Then Hiromi thought—he thought my father had turned him in to the Chinese. He had come here to kill my father—"

"I think so. But he wasn't sure of his guilt. He was—"

"Going to make sure," Mayo echoed, "and possibly come back later. I see now!"

She was remembering something: Early last night, riding with Johnny in the ricksha. He had become acquainted with her because he wanted a story for his paper. But she hadn't told him Kai Hiromi was in Nanking—he had guessed it. He had laughed at her fears. The town was Chinese-controlled then, and he could file the story, but he wouldn't.

She remembered him saying: "Do you think I'd betray you? . . . I'm a lousy newspaperman for not sending the yarn . . . but it'd get you in trouble later."

He had promised, and she had believed him.

She was nodding at Lee Yuan now. Her throat was tight and she didn't want to believe the thoughts that coursed through her mind. They were poison thoughts, utterly fantastic. . . . It couldn't be Johnny. It was crazy to think Johnny would do a thing like that. Not the Johnny Morrel she loved with all her heart and soul! She wiped tears from her cheeks.

"How soon will it be four o'clock, Lee?" she asked.

IT was ten minutes to four, and Johnny sat at the bar waiting. He was hot around the collar and considerably desperate. Things were, he thought, in one hell of a shape. The Panay sunk by a Japanese warship, and not a single way to get the story on the wires. Nor was this the least of his worries. He was stymied here. He saw tragedy, and grim, raw drama, and he could not write it.

He picked up the slim cocktail glass in front of him, placed it just right in his hand, and did his marvel of all tricks. To the amazement of one or two Japanese spies who he was aware were in the less obtrusive corners of the room, watching him, he snapped his fingers and made the glass entirely disappear. He peered into the shadows and saw the glint of a saffron face. But he could not discern expression, and he heard no applause. Johnny was somewhat chagrined. He reached up into thin air and the glass reappeared in his hand.

No soap.

He deliberately dropped the glass. It broke. He plucked another one out of the air and put it on the bar. He looked soberly at the stupefied bartender.

"One Bacardi cocktail," he said.

He glanced nervously back at one of the two Japanese who were in the room. They were close enough to hear every word he said. They had been on his heels all day, and he knew why. Not because they thought he might by accident get a story out of the city, but because Hiromi still wasn't sure who had tipped off General Wong last night. If he discovered that it was actually Walter Wells, Johnny knew that, with the position Walter was already in with the Japanese, the added information would mean his death. "Unfortunate accident," it would be labeled later.

Hiromi would direct that. Hiromi, who had been a false friend to Walter . . . who had promised him protection when he meant only danger and trouble. It was obvious that the truth could not be revealed. Walter could not be made to suffer for what had been a wholly justified action. For Mayo's sake alone Walter had to be protected. But Johnny didn't know how. He gulped his cocktail, lit a cigarette.

He was looking into the mirror when he saw the door open and Mayo come in. It had been this way when he first saw her, and his heart beat so hard that it hurt him. He turned, smiling. Then he saw that her face was strained.

"Honey," he said, "you make a war seem sweet."

She had stopped; she was looking up at him. He saw her catch her breath. Her breasts were firm against the cloth of her dress.

"Johnny—"

"Yes?"

SHE told him then; passionately she gave vent to her suspicion. He wanted to stop her, to shut her up; the others were listening avidly. But she was torn with fury, distress, and doubt. She didn't want to believe that Johnny was guilty, and she said this.

"Yet only you and I and Walter knew where Hiromi was. I know you wanted to file the story while the Chinese still had the city, because you'd be unable afterward, and—oh, darling, but you didn't, did you? It's just that I imagine it and—"

He was trembling. Sitting up there on the stool, he was shaking like a leaf. He had the empty cocktail glass in his hand, and he tried to do the trick, mechanically. But the glass shattered in his hand and cut him. He was talking then, he didn't know how.

"No—it's not that you imagine—it." He saw one of the Japanese getting up from the corner, moving slowly toward the door. "Because you're right, Mayo. That's where Wong got the information, even Hiromi's address—from my cable!"

"Then you—" Her face was distorted. "Oh, I hate you! I thought that there was something in you that—" She turned away, sobbing; heartbroken.

Johnny slipped off the stool and moved toward her. But the second Japanese had gotten up and was at his side. Johnny looked down at a large automatic. His eyes went bleak. Listlessly he allowed himself to be led to the door. The other Japanese waited there. They flanked him.

Just then Mayo looked up and saw what was happening. She stumbled to the door, staring dumbly. As they took him into the street, he could hear her crying.

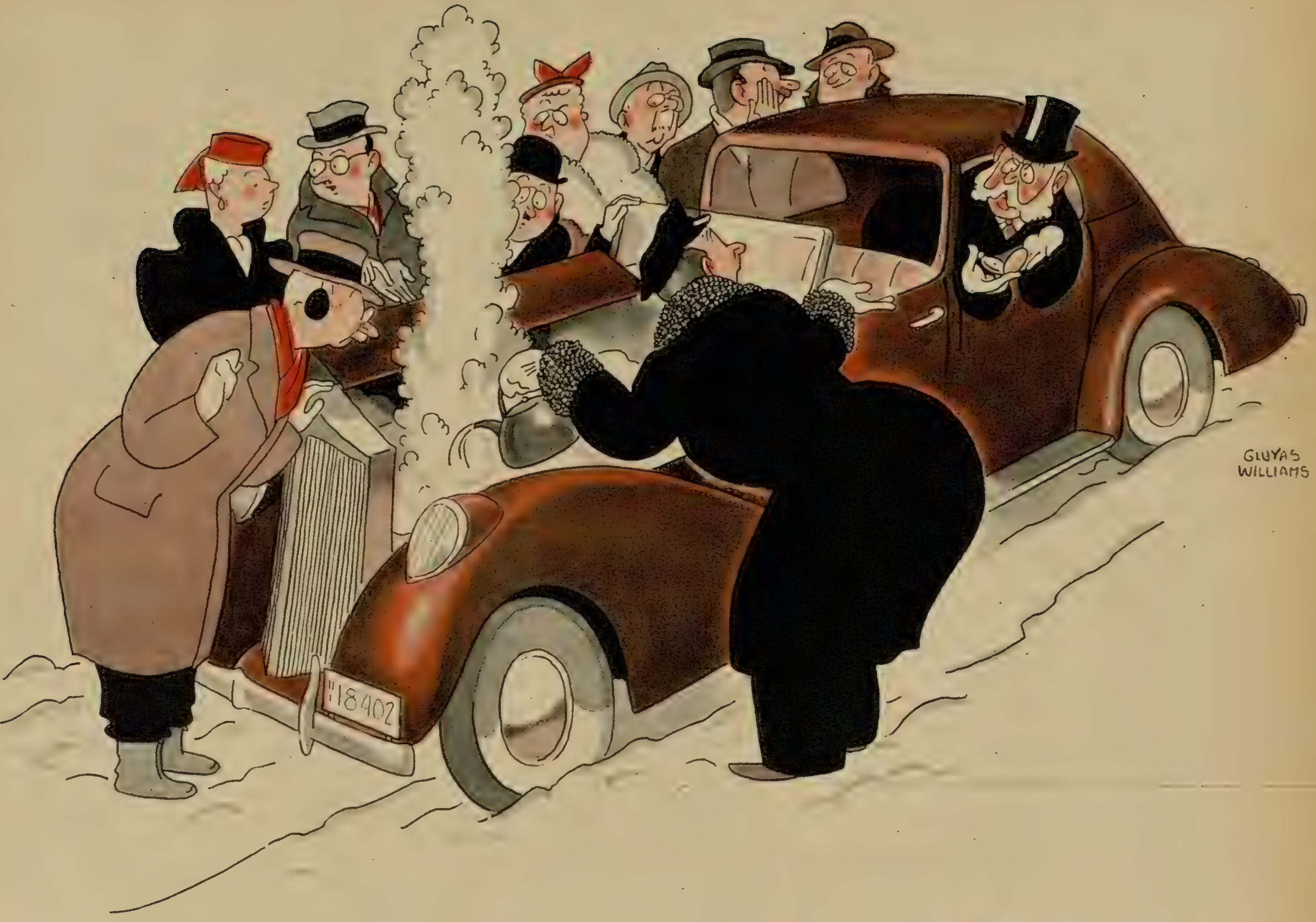
With Johnny arrested, her father in peril, and terror loose in the city, what will happen to Mayo? Can she escape—and will she, without the two men she loves? Dramatic events crowd next week's chapter of this vivid tale of love, carnage, and revenge.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **HOLLYWOOD SAGA** by William C. De Mille. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

There is no more mature or cultivated mind in Hollywood than that of William C. de Mille. Here he looks back down the years and tells the story of Hollywood. Not so famous as his brother Cecil, the author of Hollywood Saga is a successful dramatist and a story writer as well as director and producer. He tells the history of the flickers with humor, sympathy, knowledge, and understanding.



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TEXACO DEALERS

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Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wednesday Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. S. T., 7:00 M. S. T., 6:00 P. S. T.

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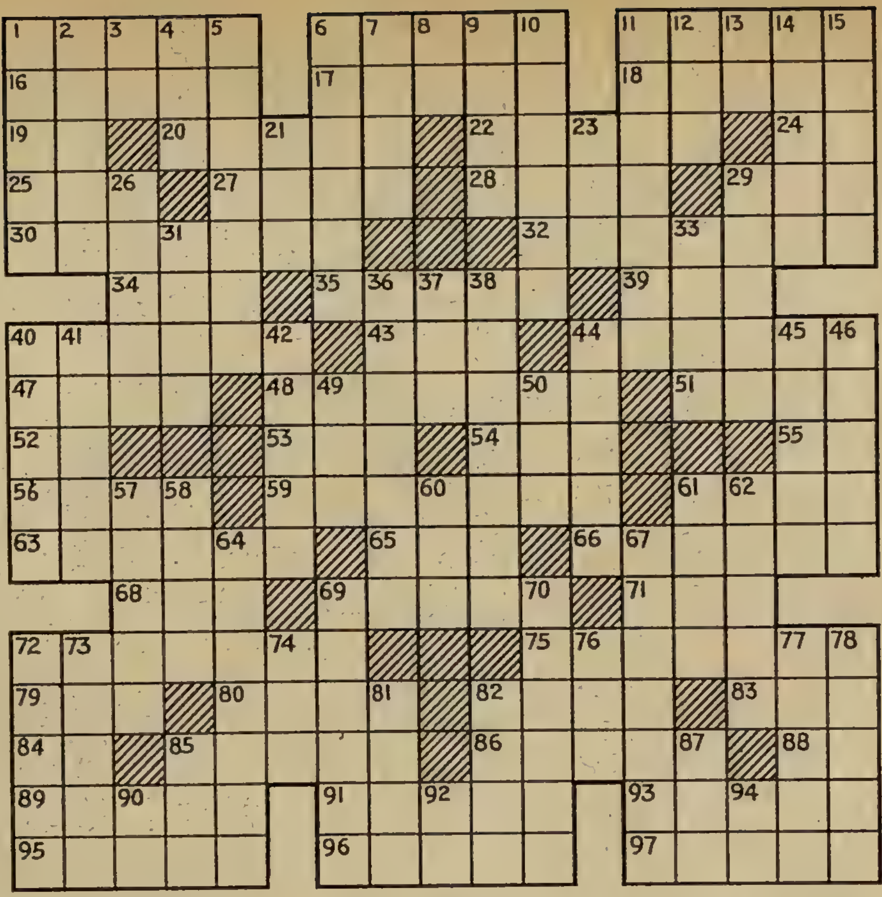
CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN

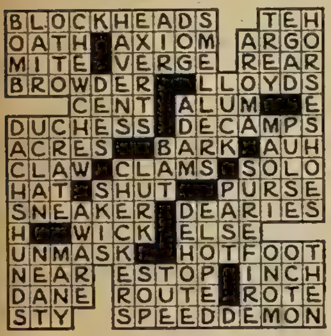


HORIZONTAL

1 Chicken
6 Mother-of-pearl
11 Basket (pl.)
16 Brisk
17 Concerned in
18 Anglo-Irish expletive
19 One of the states (abbr.)
20 Dwelling
22 Scotch chieftain
24 Asiatic palm
25 Turkish weight
27 The least whole number
28 Interjection
29 Article
30 Smoother
32 Applauded
34 Period of time
35 Puts in proper place
39 Silkworm
40 Inaccuracies
43 A hair's breadth
44 Sharpshooter
47 Decays
48 Rhythm
51 Give up
52 Near by
53 Affix
54 Son of Jacob
55 Pronoun
56 A portion
59 Lodgers (colloq.)
61 Truth
63 Place of darkness (myth.)
65 Study carefully
66 Omits
68 Measure of weight
69 Flat-bodied fish
71 India (poet.)
72 Geniality
75 Fondles
79 Spoil
80 Heed
82 Gall
83 The mind
84 One indefinitely
85 Strengthening medicine
86 Essential oil
88 Egyptian god
89 Seamstress
91 Got up
93 Pluckier (colloq.)
95 To line a well (var.)
96 Restored to health
97 Gives forth

VERTICAL

1 Song of joy
2 Identical
3 Mathematical symbol
4 Eggs
5 Hazy
6 Lowest point (pl.)
7 Instigate
8 Prefix: jointly
9 Book of the Old Testament
10 Principles of right conduct
11 Military shop
12 Part of to be
13 Home of Abraham
14 Machine
15 Started aside suddenly
21 Individual
23 Kind of tree
26 Ward off
29 Article of food
31 God of love
33 Man's name
36 Fish
37 Frosting
38 Hanging
40 Obliterate
41 Part of a machine
42 Blemishes
44 Good judgment
45 Elicit
46 Abides
49 Bustle
50 Cage of an elevator
57 Measure of length
58 Black
60 An extinct bird
61 Discover
62 To spoil
64 A legendary animal
67 Pedigree
69 Pertaining to a country in western Asia
70 Conducted
72 Collect
73 Famous painter
74 A color
76 High in tone
77 Plume
78 Glides
81 Pale tan
82 Worthless
85 Small mound
87 Butt
90 Us
92 Conjunction
94 Note of the diatonic scale



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			C	E	N	T	■	A	L	U	M	■	■	E
D	U	C	H	E	S	S	■	D	E	C	A	M	P	S
A	C	R	E	S	■	■	B	A	R	K	■	A	U	H
C	L	A	W	■	C	L	A	M	S	■	S	O	L	O
H	A	T	■	S	H	U	T	■	■	P	U	R	S	E
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Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

It's still the time for **TANGERINES!**

Tangerines are still at your market! As a matter of fact, those you get right now are at the very *peak* of their goodness—the pick of the crop!

How dainty and luscious they are! Plump, juicy little morsels of tart-sweet flavor—all wrapped up in gaily-colored, tender peeling that slips off as easily as a glove slips off your hand!

And, as if that weren't enough, their delicious juice is literally *loaded* with wonderfully healthful calcium and vitamins!

Remember, the tangerine season is only a few weeks long. Act quickly—and you can still enjoy many more of these "party-size" packages of one of nature's grandest gifts!

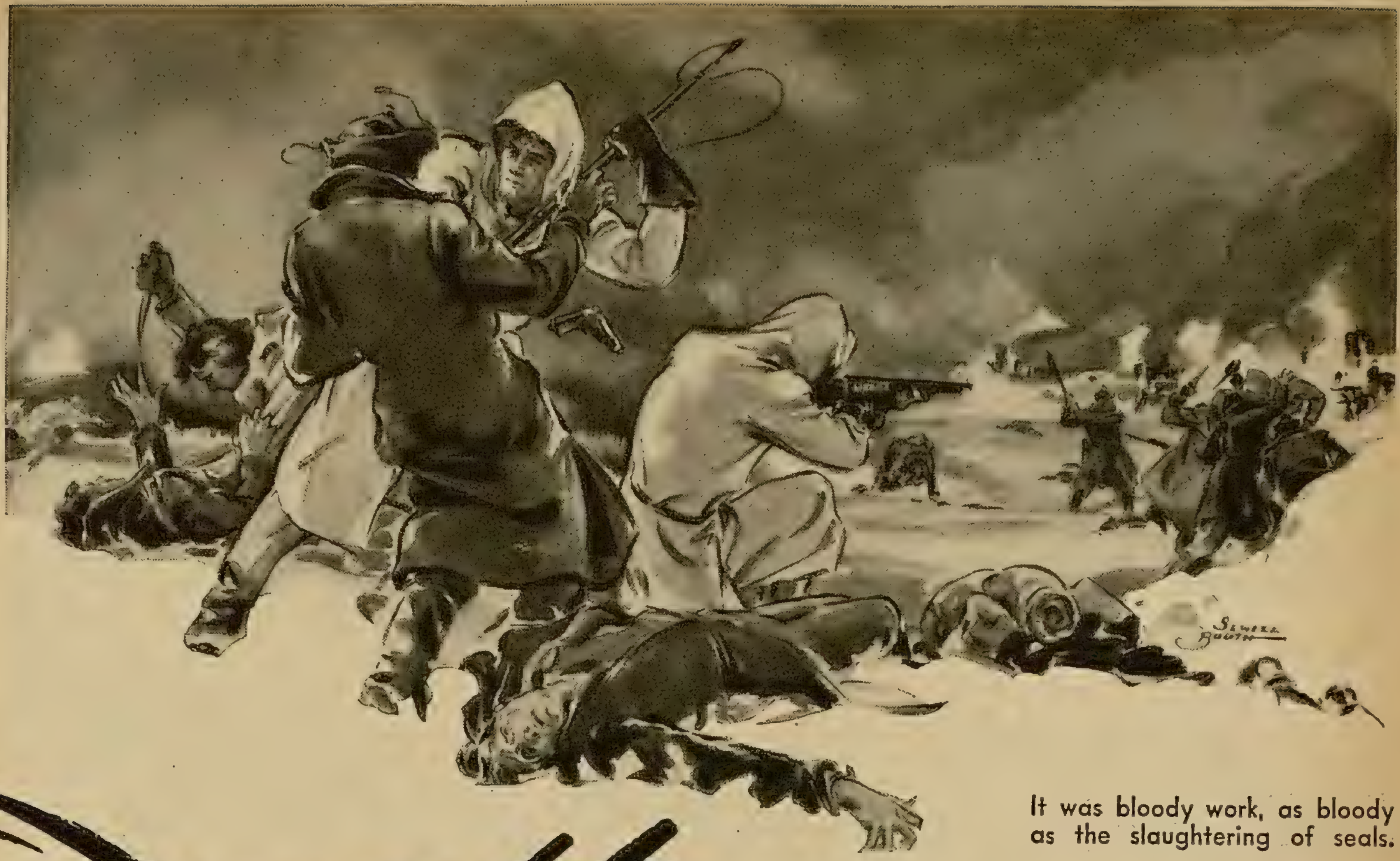
FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION

Tangerines fit into any party menu—children's or grownups'. And, of course, during their all-too-short season they're a "must" in school lunches!

The doctor says "everybody must have calcium in the daily diet." And we say "tangerines are one of the cheapest, rich, natural food sources of calcium."

If you want to keep enough tangerines on hand for the youngsters, better order plenty—or else put a lock on the refrigerator!

Florida
TANGERINES



It was bloody work, as bloody as the slaughtering of seals.

Death AT THE GATES OF FINLAND

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

Liberty's war-zone reporter

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ONE of the most exciting war stories of the day, and perhaps one of the most important, is the story of the fighting in northern Finland—a story Liberty is privileged to publish here exclusively in all its wealth of detail.

It began late in the afternoon of Thursday, November 30, when Russia began its invasion. It is being written in the deep snows of Petsamo, on the ice-covered lakes and streams, in the black arctic night, in the dancing lights of the aurora borealis. How it will end no one can say; but if it ends as it began, the Russian bear will cease to be a menace to the peoples of the Baltic—and of the Balkans.

At present Finland's sister states in Scandinavia are excited and alarmed. Italy is frantic with suspense. Rumania and other Balkan states toward which the fetid Russian breath is blowing are in fear of swift invasion and overthrow. But if the Finns hold out . . .

On that last Thursday in November Helsinki had twice been bombed. Men, women, and children had been crushed and buried by tons of falling masonry. Humble little people lay mangled and dead in the streets. Thousands were fleeing to the woods or were hurrying over the roads to refuge in Norway or Sweden.

In the far north the Russians came by land and sea, marching from the neighborhood of Alexandrovsk, marching and sailing from the Russian section of Fisherman's Peninsula. They occupied the Finnish part of the peninsula with no trouble, then started south to attack and seize the port of Liinahamari and the nickel mines near Salmijarvi.

The frontier guards, the only force Finland had in this region, retired, sending word to Helsinki. From a distance they watched the invading troops enter Liinahamari.

The night was dark and there were few stars, but they could see clearly all that happened, for the northern lights were blazing and the docks and the houses and churches and stores in the village were afire.

Several boatloads of troops landed near a flaming pier. One of the boats suddenly turned into a burst of fire and smoke; was blown to pieces, boat and men and equipment. Scarce had the sound of the explosion ceased reverberating in the frozen hills when there was another detonation, and another and another. The seacoast had been mined. The village had been mined. Even the snow was mined.

The guards sped south on their skis, pausing now and then to place new mines or to set small villages afire. They began to encounter dozens and scores and hundreds of men, women, and children fleeing toward the Norwegian border—Englishmen and Canadians and Americans from the nickel mines near Salmijarvi; peasants from near-by villages, who carried their household goods on their backs; Lapps driving herds of reindeer before them and carrying their houses — houses made of poles and reindeer hide. There were also families who had fled from Helsinki in their motorcars. There were wagons and trucks laden with food and with furniture and clothes.

Some of these people were well-to-

Exclusive! The stirring real story of the fight that stopped Stalin's "blitzkrieg"

After Exercise
DOES YOUR ARM FEEL TIED IN A KNOT?

Too much Fatigue Acid in your muscles causes that pain

Your muscles feel knotted up after unusual exercise because fatigue acids have settled in them. Then your muscle actually swells inside its sheath. It hurts! For prompt relief, rub Absorbine Jr. thoroughly over the affected parts three or four times a day. This quickens circulation—a supply of fresh blood helps drive those acids away! Pain lets up—swelling reduces. Millions use Absorbine Jr. because it is

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FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

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Yes-FOR HEADACHES Too

Try it and see how headache pain and misery seem to ease away with Alka-Seltzer's smooth, balanced action.

No wonder it's fast—it enters stomach in complete solution—its buffer-protected analgesic properties start to work quickly. Next time headache misery threatens your day—be wise—

Take Alka-Seltzer

do. Others were wretched, ill clad, hungry, frightened and bewildered. There were hundreds of crying babies, scores of men and women with bleeding and frost-bitten feet, many old people who had walked until they could walk no more.

"Did you set your house afire before you left?" the guards would ask.

"Of course we did," was the usual answer. "Do you think we'd leave it for the Russians?"

The guards halted at the village of Salmijarvi, close to the western border, to wait for reinforcements. Several hundred seal hunters, great shaggy men armed with knives and spears and excellent modern rifles, came hurrying up from the Gulf of Bothnia to join them.

THEY were itching for immediate battle, these sealers; but the guards counseled them to wait for the troops speeding up from the south in buses. The hunters were reluctant, impatient. "Our great hero Juho Vesanen," one of them cried out, "would not have delayed!"

"Nor would he have attacked," replied the leader of the guards, "until the right time. Take notice, brother. The Russians are many and we are few, even with the troops now on the way. But let a little time pass and what will happen?

"The Russians are tired now. They have marched far, and they have moved swiftly—for Russians. They have taken Liinahamari, and have found nothing there but fire and snow. They are warming themselves now in the heat of our burning homes. But how long will those embers retain heat? Let us wait until the fire dies out, until the bitter wind numbs the Russians. Then let us strike."

The sealers grinned, opened their packs, and began to brew tea. They sang songs of the legendary hero, the peasant Vesanen who first claimed Petsamo for the Finns.

The Finnish hunters and sealers, from the earliest days, had considered this region their own. It was a deserted region but it abounded in game and fish. To the south there were great forests, a hunters' paradise. In the north there were only great rolling hills covered with scrub birch and creeping juniper, and the tundra. But there was a harbor which, even in the coldest winter, was ever free of ice. An arm of the Gulf Stream kept its waters warm.

Juho Vesanen, according to the legends, was a giant of a man, the leader of the Finnish peasants in the early part of the fifteenth century. Word came to him that the Russians had invaded the hunting and fishing preserve. Orthodox Greek Catholic monks had built a monastery in Petsamo, and a Russian colony had grown up about the monastery.

Vesanen gathered several hundred peasants about him and told them what had happened.

"We must not suffer this injury," he said. "Put on your skis, my children. We travel north."

They trekked a thousand miles or so, with their food strapped on their backs, carrying spears and knives and axes. They camped in the wastelands at times, chopped holes in the ice of lakes and caught fish to eat, slept under blankets of reindeer hides, and pushed on.

They went as silently as the stars above them. When at last they came in sight of their objective, they rested an hour or so, then reconnoitered and attacked. There was a furious battle with the Russian horsemen quartered near the monastery, but it ended in complete victory for the Finns. The monastery and every other building in the vicinity were burned to the ground, and Vesanen claimed the territory and its mysterious ice-free waters for Finland.

For five hundred years the Petsamo province has been disputed ground. It has been Russian more often than it has been Finnish. The monastery was rebuilt. It became, in late years, a show place for tourists. Only a few monks dwell there now—or dwelt there—old men who knew their end was near and hoped it would be peaceful, old men embittered by the fact that they could obtain no novices. The Finns are Lutherans and offered no young men to the church. And the Russians hated all religions.

There have been no dispatches to say whether or not the monastery still stands. The Finns may have burned it in their retreat—or mined it. The Russians may have destroyed it or may be occupying it.

FINLAND became a duchy under the Russian czars many years ago. Petsamo and its ice-free harbor became Russian, remained Russian even after Finland had won its independence. By the treaty of Tartu, signed in 1920, it was returned to Finland in exchange for certain regions in the south.

In the last twenty years it became one of the tourist spots of the world. Good hotels were built. Hundreds of miles of fine motor roads were constructed. Millions and millions of dollars were expended in developing the harbor. Then the nickel mines were discovered and all Finland began to taste prosperity.

Russia felt she had been cheated by the treaty, and as the day neared when she must prepare for a great war of aggression, she determined to regain, by force of arms if necessary, what she had lost through diplomatic bargaining. In Petsamo there were millions of tons of nickel, a metal essential for war purposes. And there was a harbor in the arctic that never was closed by ice—a harbor she must have if she would dominate the north.

Negotiations were begun, but the Finns were stubborn. They would not give up Petsamo. So Russia launched her attack by land and sea and air.

While they waited at Salmijarvi the frontier guards and the seal hunters whetted their long knives and the points of their bayonets. They set fire to the buildings of the nickel mines, and by their light directed the horde of refugees across the border.

An airplane equipped with skis landed on the glistening snow near the flaming town, and the pilot came wading through the drifts.

"Be patient," he said. "Help is on the way. They're coming in buses. They should be here before midnight."

It had begun to snow before the airplane landed; and the men were not reassured. "Buses will never get through the snowdrifts," they said.

"They have a snowplow on each bus," he told them.

The road was clogged with fugitives. Here and there it was blocked with stalled automobiles, with wagons that had been overturned, with herds of cattle and reindeer. At other places it was closed to traffic by piles of snow. But in spite of all obstacles the buses made good time. They arrived in Salmijarvi before midnight. The troops alighted, donned their skis, and started to the north. They were armed with automatic rifles and submachine guns.

Out of burning Salmijarvi they sped toward the dancing lights in the sky. The pilot remained in the town for a while. He was expecting company.

EIGHT hundred men went silently over the hills and down into the valleys. The only sounds to be heard were the crackling of the northern lights and now and then the howl of a wolf.

Liinahamari was a mass of glowing embers when the Finns halted. A little smoke went up from it, smoke as thin as the frosty breath of the soldiers. The Russians were there, walking about drowsily, slapping themselves with their mittened hands. They had not dared go to sleep. There was no place to sleep except in the snow, and to sleep there was to die.

The Finns crept to the outskirts of the town and waited for the signal to open fire. The Russians outnumbered them by at least five to one; but that didn't matter. The invaders might have been so many seals. The more a man killed, the better for him.

This enemy, each Finn realized, must be annihilated. If Petsamo were taken, the rest of Finland would be taken. The country would be Bolshevized. There would be no Finnish language, no Christian religion, no native culture, no way to earn a decent living. The men would be killed or driven into Siberia to work under the knout. The women and children—

Some of the Russians, the Finns saw, had stacked their arms and were trying to thaw out their hands over the glowing embers. Others had built bonfires of blazing debris snaked from the ruins of a church, had taken off their boots, and were sitting with their feet near the flames. Sentries were pacing up and down slowly. Their uniforms were slick with ice, their hats and shoulders white with snow.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT THE SEA ISLANDS OF GEORGIA, DAD. BEAUTIFUL HERE, ISN'T IT?
YES, AND HISTORIC, TOO. EDWARD TEACH, KNOWN IN COLONIAL DAYS AS 'BLACKBEARD' THE PIRATE, IS SAID TO HAVE STORED HIS CAPTURED TREASURES NOT FAR FROM THIS VERY SPOT
THESE ARE THE RUINS OF FORT FREDERICA. NOT FAR AWAY THE BRITISH AMBUSHED THE ATTACKING SPANIARDS IN 1742. AND YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, THERE'S STILL A LOT OF SHOOTING GOING ON IN THESE ISLANDS
OH, I KNOW! YOU MEAN SKEET SHOOTING WITH CLAY PIGEONS. LET'S GO SEE IT
HELLO, JUDGE. HOW ARE YOU? MY GUN IS SO HOT, I'M GIVING IT A REST
WELL, AS LONG AS YOUR PIPE DOESN'T GET TOO HOT, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT
NO CHANCE OF THAT, JUDGE, AS LONG AS IT'S LOADED WITH COOL-SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT
YES, P.A. SURE DOES KEEP PIPE-SMOKING EXTRA COOL AND MELLOW
I NEVER KNEW HOW SMOOTH AND RICH-TASTING A SMOKE COULD BE UNTIL I FOUND P.A.
WELL, A COOLER SMOKE IS BOUND TO BE A RICHER-TASTING SMOKE, AS ANY PRINCE ALBERT SMOKER KNOWS
PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

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PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE PROCESS PUT A BIG PLUS IN PIPE-JOY
P.A. PACKS BETTER, DRAWS EASIER, TOO — NO WONDER IT'S THE ALL-AROUND FAVORITE
FOR FAST-ROLLED 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES THAT ARE MILD AND TASTY, GET PRINCE ALBERT TOO
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

The leader of the little Finnish army waited only until he heard, far behind him and high above, the drone of the planes coming from the direction of Salmijarvi. Then he gave the order to fire.

Submachine guns, automatic rifles, and the guns of the seal hunters blazed from three sides of the village.

The Reds, who had no idea that Finnish soldiers were anywhere within miles of them, bolted in panic—except, of course, those who fell at the first volley. They ran as fast as their numbed and wearied legs could carry them. After them went the swift Finns.

It was bloody work, as bloody as the slaughtering of a herd of seals—and as easily accomplished.

The Russians gathered speed, but they could not escape. Mines exploded in the white depths beneath their feet and blew whole platoons of them to pieces. Fresh volleys flamed out of the blackness behind them and felled scores.

The men broke ranks, despite all their officers could do, and fled, each man in his own direction. The seal hunters dropped to their knees and popped them off one by one, or struck with sealing knife or bayonet.

And the Finnish planes shot down out of the sky, flew low, and added to the toll with their machine guns.

How many of the invaders were killed is unknown. Hundreds of them fell in the village. Hundreds were dropped in the flight back toward Fisherman's Peninsula. Hundreds crept away and died in the deep snows. Eight hundred were taken prisoner.

Russian reinforcements came up in the early morning. The Finns put on their skis, took up their packs, and retired. Friday, after the few hours of daylight, they returned to the battle. All that night they fought, and all the next day.

News came from the south every little while to cheer them, to give them new zest in their tremendous effort to beat back the might of Russia:

"The Finnish government says, 'No surrender!'

"We've sunk several Russian ships. We've shot down many planes.

"Russian planes tried to land large bodies of troops behind our lines. We caught them in mid-air as they dangled on their parachutes. Few of them landed alive. They forgot that we are the champion clay-pigeon shots of the world.

"We have captured scores of Russian tanks.

"There were several companies of Russians moving toward the border across a frozen lake. Our artillery broke the ice behind them, putting black water between them and their retreat. Then the guns tore holes in the ice in front of them and on their flanks. After that those who didn't die by cannon fire drowned.

"Everywhere we have encountered the enemy, we have beaten him back. Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?"

And the news of the victories in the north heartened all the rest of the little nation. "Supposing we are outnumbered sixty to one," every Finn began to say, "what of it? One Finn is worth a hundred Russians."

Petsamo was taken and retaken several times in the first week of the fighting. Russia, at this writing, still pours troops into that region—thousands and thousands of men who find no food nor shelter there, only snow and ashes and hidden mines that explode with terrible consequences, and a foe who strikes when they are almost dead of fatigue and the arctic cold.

The fighting continues, to the wonder of every chancellery in the world. Petsamo has become a proving ground, it seems, for the army of Soviet Russia. A proving ground, and perhaps a burial ground as well. The Russian army is the biggest in the world. It has approximately 15,000,00 men. It is so big that it has frightened more than half the world. But if it cannot whip the little army that still keeps Petsamo for the Finns, if it cannot even dent the spirit of little Finland, then why should other nations fear its wrath?

The story being written today in the snow of Petsamo, therefore, may be one of the most important stories to be written in the history of the world. It may be the story of the beginning of the end of all that is Soviet Russia.

THE END

I'M GUARDING AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS SKIN BECAUSE I WANT TO KEEP ROMANCE!

If you want to keep your complexion alluring, use Palmolive made with Olive Oil!

NOW THAT I'VE WON THE MAN I WANT I'M NOT GOING TO RISK LOSING HIM BY LETTING MY SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING. AND THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!

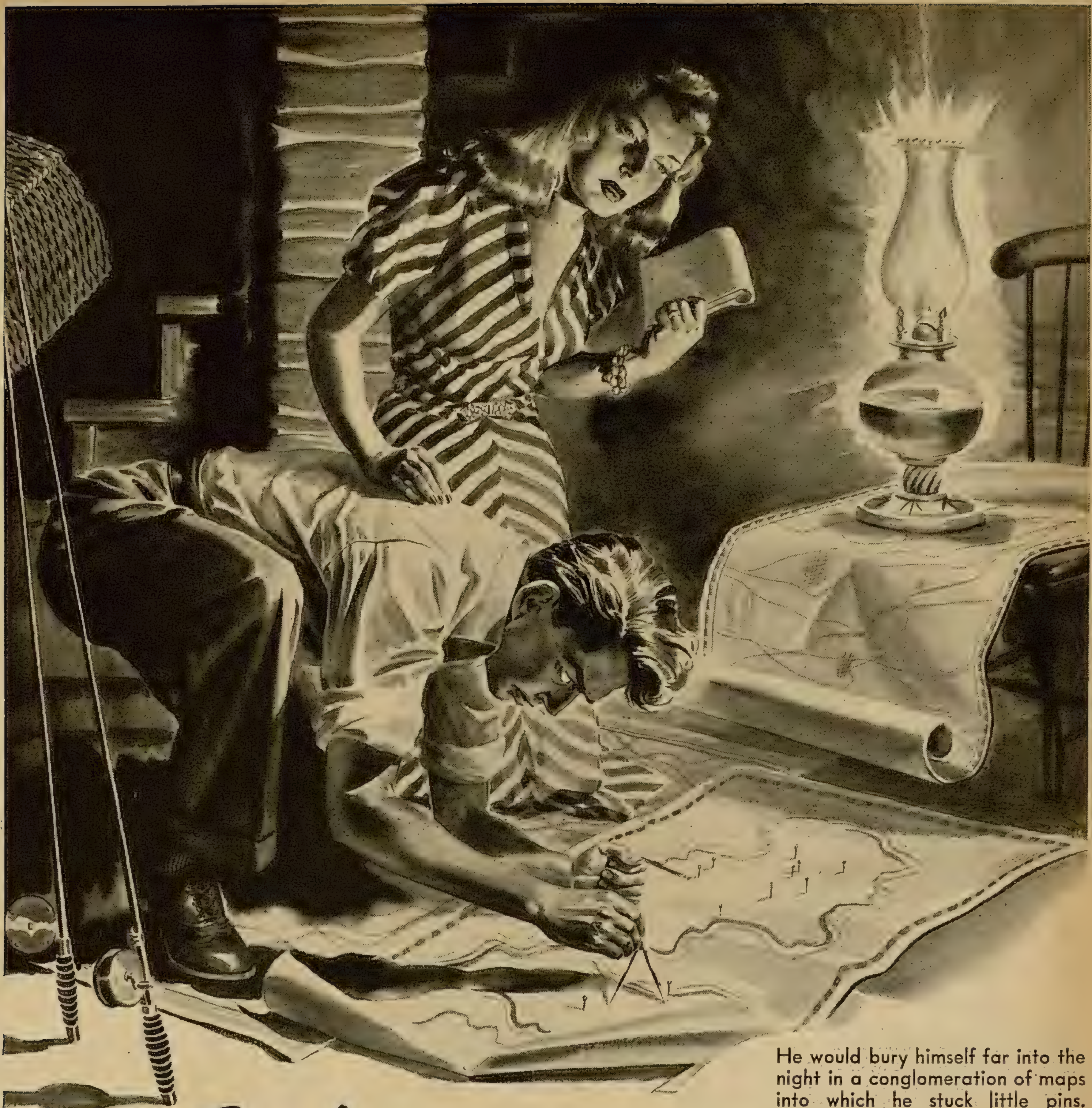
BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT, MARY?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

YOU REALLY ARE A DARLING, MARY, TO TELL ME HOW YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR ADVICE AND MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP, TOO!

PALMOLIVE

Made with Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG



He would bury himself far into the night in a conglomeration of maps into which he stuck little pins.

I Spy!

Sudden death and crashing drama sweep an exciting novel close to its climax

BY DORA MACY

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

(Synopsis of preceding installments is on the next page.)

PART NINE—A TOAST . . IN POISON

I EDGED back toward the high window as I took out the blueprints, using what little light came from the street to extract them. I don't think I shall ever forget those sharp Oriental eyes of Koto watching me.

"You will do me the kindness of letting me go first," I said calmly. "Give me five or ten minutes, so I can get as far as the embankment. We shouldn't risk being seen in the same quarter of town together."

"Yes, yes, I agree," Koto said nervously, and reached out to take the papers from me. That was his main interest.

He began spreading the papers apart, his little pocket light illuminating the drawings.

"You'll find them intact," I said crisply. "Put out your light."

He obeyed.

"Yes, they're all here."

"Please," I lied calmly, as I began arranging my shawl, "I left a market basket in the back room—part of my costume—and I hid my purse in it. Would you get it for me?"

"Honored, madame," he murmured.

I held my breath as he groped his way to the back of the shop—I knew the trapdoor in the floor was left open. I hadn't been able to close it.

He gave one great cry as he fell

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

UPON the mysterious death of her father, a military attaché of an American Embassy in Europe, young Hester Dillon decides to continue his dangerous work of espionage. Immediately she becomes involved with two men who fall in love with her. One of them is Arthur Forsythe, her father's former secretary, the other, Henri Croillard, a man of secrecy and strange action. Though both men seem to worship her, the girl is bewildered and appalled at the way they make use of her in their "cause."

Leaving Europe for America, to help Uncle Sam in his fight against enemy spies, Hester soon discovers that her two suitors are on a similar trail. And they give her orders, confusing her at times with their cross-purposes. Hardly knowing her own heart, she consents to marry Henri, but right after the ceremony they are separated by sudden imperative duties. To Hester's horror, her bridegroom dispatches her on a mission which she must achieve at any cost—even at the cost of her honor! This, together with a poison capsule which Henri says must be given Arthur, as their secret foe, kills her love for him. But she undertakes the cruel assignment, and goes back to Europe with Eric Booth, her appointed prey, a man suspected of stealing United States government armament plans. On the voyage she is drugged and at Southampton Eric is arrested.

Hester leaves London for Paris on a new hunt, this time to get certain papers from one Mark O'Toole. Successful, she is ordered to meet an unknown man late at night in a celluloid-toy factory located in a slum quarter.

Disguising herself as a peasant carrying a vegetable basket, the girl is dismayed to find that her rendezvous is with Koto, a Japanese servant who had been with Eric Booth! Hester has but one thought: She must not deliver those blueprints to a yellow man, come what may.

---

through. I heard the splash of fluid as his body hit one of the barrels of reeking liquid.

My heart turned stony. I went into action with swift calculation. I closed the door between the back room and the front room and went deliberately to the can of turpentine I had seen earlier that night. And I yanked the stopper and poured it all over that outside room. Then I tossed it on the top of the packing case, ignited one corner of the excelsior with my briquet, and fled.

The streets were deserted. I stopped at the first street corner and looked back. Already there were flames, and then I heard an explosion like faraway thunder, and saw fragments of wood flung upward with a shoot of flame behind it.

I turned and ran, clutching the market basket, and realizing that soon I would have to stop and hide my purse, as before, under the vegetables. I found myself on a highway, and stopped short, trying to orient myself. A farm team was coming down the road, its lantern bobbing like a pendulum. The team drew up beside me—a vegetable team coming in for next morning's market. A woman leaned out and asked if I would like a lift, and I climbed up gratefully.

As we rode along I could hear in the distance the whistles and bells that meant the fire at last had been discovered. . . .

They let me out not far from the school that I had so carefully noted the previous afternoon. Using my master key, I entered from the rear. I encountered no difficulty changing my clothes in the school lavatory.

Now only one more job remained, which was not difficult. Not far from the school was the embankment. I tied a stone to the basket containing the newspaper package with my peasant costume and dropped it far into the muddy harbor inlet, and watched it go down.

Dressed in my ordinary clothes, myself once more, I headed back toward the hotel, feeling that I could explain my absence, if necessary, by having attended a cinema—one I had seen and could convincingly describe.

But as I walked, I found waves of illness attacking me, until I stood perfectly still to feel my own cheek and forehead. I was feverish! I knew with a sickening dread that this was an illness from which I would never really recover. It was my soul which had been afflicted in the last few years, and maimed in the last few hours.

I went in a little church and knelt in a back pew, unable to pray. Evidently they were hearing confessions, and I watched the people enter and leave the confessionals with something akin to envy. I stayed quite a while, and when I rose, I sought out one of the priests in the baptistery.

"Father," I said, "I feel very ill."

He was all kindness. I told him I didn't want a doctor—I wanted a hospital. He directed me to a near-by Catholic hospice, offering to send some one with me, and when I refused that, he promised he would telephone them to expect me.

Once there, after much red tape because of the late hour, I explained that I was subject to relapses. I needed little or no medical care, and wanted only the privilege of engaging a room and a nurse for a brief rest cure. I showed them my passport, explained at what hotel I was staying.

The good sisters were very sympathetic. The doctor they called questioned me exhaustively, but my story was simple and straightforward. I knew, as I was finally shown to a small private room and helped into bed, that they were investigating, checking on my passport, my registration at the hotel.

My story held, and the next morning I was treated with some measure of curiosity but with respectful care. For the most part I indulged greatly in the peace of being shut off from the world and being able to lie quietly in bed, sometimes trying to think my way clear and sometimes dozing off into merciful sleep. I read the newspaper stories of the burning of the toyshop and the finding of a body burned beyond recognition. There seemed to be a general conclusion that it was some pauper who had sought the empty shop as sleeping quarters, and who possibly had himself caused the fire.

After reading that news story, my recovery was easier. But I seemed to return to life with a spirit older and duller—unable to vision any hope for the future, either for the world or for myself.

I was there throughout the holidays. As the weeks went by, I felt as though God had guided me to that particular spot. The power of prayer returned to me, and the faith of the consecrated women who worked so self-sacrificingly renewed my spirit. It seemed as if they had a secret key, a calm acceptance of what came with faith, that all was for the best—that what the world needed was the practice of Christ's message—and, above all, forgiveness for those who were weak.

Perhaps I should have known that some one would track me. Of course I knew that my co-workers would expect me to report back. My silence would provoke investigation.

So I was filled with trepidation when a sister informed me that I had a caller, and I would be permitted to see him for half an hour. I prepared myself very carefully. I didn't want any fellow worker to see how ragged my nerves were, how defeated I felt.

I think I cried out with joy and relief when Arthur walked into the room. Instinctively I held out my arms to him, but at his forbidding attitude I dropped them soon enough. He was stern and aloof.

"Thank God you are not really ill," he said. "I was afraid . . ."

"I'm all right," I said steadily.

"You don't want to stay here?" His words were a question.

"I can't stay here forever," I sighed.

He wet his lips. I studied him thoughtfully.

"There's an important job for you to do, Hester—"

"No, no!" I broke in. "No, Arthur. Never again!" I saw a look of sadness cross his face, and his lips trembled, but I couldn't stop. It had

(Continued on page 32)

TY COBB reports "My guests like the chance to say 'make mine Wine'"

Famed through two decades as America's greatest baseball player, Tyrus Raymond Cobb nowadays likes to golf, hunt, fish, and to enjoy life at hi comfortable home in lovely Atherton, California. Among Ty Cobb's intimat friends, frequently guests at his home, are many of America's best-known busiest people. Mr. Cobb is noted as a genial host, a connoisseur of good foo

...folks are learning that you can relax and enjoy yourself and still keep on the moderate side"

"When drinks are served today I notice more and more people choose wine," writes famous Tyrus R. Cobb. "I believe that's not only because wine adds to the goodness of food, but actually because people are learning that it pays to be moderate."

It's the same with thousands of hosts and hostesses — more of their guests prefer wine nowadays than ever before. Prefer it for the genial, *leisurely* qualities that make you enjoy wine most when you sip it slowly.

Women entertaining at afternoon bridge report many wives now favor a glass of golden amber Muscatel. With crisp salad, with sandwiches or cakes, they've learned its distinctive sweet muscat grape flavor blends perfectly. Muscatel is served *with* refreshments, in small glasses.

When the appetizer hour comes around, Sherry gets the call from an increasing number of men. Glowing amber and mellow, nut-like in flavor, Sherry is a promise of tempting food to come. Serve Sherry in cocktail-size glasses . . . it's especially good with simple appetizers. Or with your main course bring on red, zesty Claret...and watch your guests enjoy the savor of a juicy roast when Claret is its companion.

It's a considerate way to be hospitable — why don't you try it at your house? You'll find, as Ty Cobb says, that more and more people prefer a moderate beverage like wine.

Be Considerate
—Serve Wine

All you need know to serve Wine

There are two main types of wine . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) t serve with meals, called *table* wines (2) Wines for use with dessert or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

Besides Muscatel and Sherry, anothe good "sweet" wine is red, full-bodie Port. An ideal dessert wine, the rich flavor of Port goes with cheese, with nu and raisins, or with cakes. Serve th "sweet" wines in cocktail-size glasses.

Table wines include ruby Burgundy Claret, golden Hock and Sauterne. Eac is purposely made to accent the goodnes of the meat or other main dish. Usua serving is half water goblet size.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households th good wines of our own country are usuall served today. More than 9 in 10 of a Americans who serve wine choose wine grown here. The wines of California, fo example, are grown to strict standards o quality. True to type. Well developed Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco, California

(Continued from page 30)

been so long since I had spoken to any one of what was in my heart. "You were so right, Arthur, when you asked me years ago to keep out of it—when you warned me of the consequences. You know I have done more than any human being should be required to do. I have done wrong for what I thought was right. But I'll do no more."

He put out his hand as if to caress me — and restrained himself. He turned away so abruptly that I stopped my outburst, realizing that he was suffering as much as I.

"I am sorry," I said weakly. "I don't have to tell you how I feel. If you want me to do something, Arthur, I'll do it. I'll do anything for you."

He didn't respond. I tried to conquer the tears that came to my eyes. This, then, I felt, was my punishment. He still loved me in spite of himself, but he couldn't respect me. He didn't want to love me.

A feeling of lifelessness crept over me like a little death. Whatever my punishment, I could take it. Whatever life held now, I must face it.

"Whatever you ask me to do will be decent and right, Arthur. I'll never again question your judgment."

Still he didn't answer.

"I'll be ready to leave here whenever you say," I added dully, "and do whatever you ask."

After a moment his voice reached me. It was quite as toneless as my own.

"I am going to ask you something I would rather cut my tongue out than ask you," he said, "but I feel that it has got to be done. It's a personal job, Hester—not really for the cause."

I faced him. Whatever the silence between us, the room was filled with our love. Our eyes told each other.

"Whatever it is," I nodded, "I will do it."

"I'll go to the hotel and check you out and get your luggage. I'll be back here in two hours."

"All right, Arthur."

I DIDN'T need two hours. I was packed and ready to leave the hospital in a short time. I sat, waiting for him and thinking of his strange attitude. Of course he believed me married to Henri. I could tell him that I had never actually been Henri's wife. I had been through a ceremony with him, but I hadn't even known a private wedding supper. I could tell Arthur that, and maybe he would believe me. I could tell him that I had never actually had an affair with Eric, and maybe he would believe me. Maybe he wouldn't.

No, I decided, when word came that he was downstairs waiting for me. I wouldn't tell him. I wouldn't try to tell him anything. Until I found my own soul again I was no fit love for any man.

The decision brought me strength. I stopped for one brief moment in the little chapel on the ground floor. I could go into church now, into God's presence, without trembling, because it was perfectly true—at heart I was good. Whatever Arthur might think about me and my morals, I was a good woman. God and I knew that.

So I went out to meet Arthur with quiet courage. All my luggage was in the back of his car. I was grateful that he was driving himself, and that wherever we went we would be alone. I got in the front seat beside him, remembering the happy days when we used to drive side by side in northern Europe—when we were gay and young. Young? I was still young! I was just over twenty-five. That was young, and Arthur, sitting beside me, was still young. I looked at him. He seemed handsomer than ever, for his face, while stamped with care and worry, had the strength of discipline and courage.

We drove in silence. I didn't ask his plans. I just felt safe in being with him, even though his manner was remote. He drove immediately out of the city, and I was mildly surprised that it had been snowing. I figured things up, and realized it was February. . . .

AT a tavern a long distance from town, where Arthur seemed to be expected, we had our lunch in a bay-windowed alcove which was almost like a private dining room. When we had ordered, Arthur looked at me—a long, searching look of his blue eyes, as if he were examining me.

"What sent you to the hospital, Hester?" he asked finally. "Were you hurt—or sick? I have worried so."

I took a deep breath.

"Sick?" I echoed. "I was sick at heart, Arthur. Too sick to want to go on living."

I tried to tell him of that awful night when I had recognized Koto in the toyshop—but the very telling brought me close to hysteria. Arthur reached out and put his hand on mine, gripping it.

"Don't, don't," he said gently. "Don't try to tell. I know all about that. Poor darling."

He broke off abruptly, and his mouth closed as if he were deliberately shutting it on all the tender words he wanted to say.

"It was all a mistake," he added tonelessly.

"Mistake?" I echoed.

"A dreadful mistake," he repeated. "Henri felt worse about it than you when he heard of it. You should never have been given such an assignment. One of his chief lieutenants has been making many such errors lately."

I nodded.

"I think that Dodson . . ." I began, but Arthur again cut in.

"Dodson is in the hospital," he snapped. His mouth was grim as he buttered a roll. "I'm afraid I'll have to give you a new picture of things, Hester. Our clique has almost disintegrated."

"Ours?" I said. "Henri didn't think you were one of us for a long while."

"I wasn't really," Arthur said. "I couldn't be. But that's another story. I was always working for him if not with him. But I suspected long ago —I think I told you—that he was losing control, and that he was being tricked."

"He suspected you," I answered.

Arthur nodded and sighed.

"At any rate, we are almost done for. I want to wind it all up, but I have one big job to do first, here in Europe, and it may take me some time. After that, it's all over—win or lose."

"And what do you want me to do?"

Arthur looked squarely at me; his eyes were blue and clear and wise.

"I am going to ask you to do the biggest job of your life, Hester. I am going to ask you to fulfill the vows you took when you married Henri."

I gasped.

"What do you mean?"

"He is very ill." Arthur's eyes avoided mine. "I know you have never been—his wife. I know all about it. He has told me everything."

There was a painful silence while he struggled for control.

"But he loves you, Hester, and he needs you." He took a long breath and was able to look at me. "You thought enough of him once to take those vows," he said quietly. "He's a great man, Hester, and you and I know it."

"What has happened to him, Arthur?"

"He is very ill—dangerously ill," Arthur said gently. "I don't know how long he has, Hester, but I am counting on you to nurse him through, to pull him out of it."

UNABLE to speak, I nodded. What use was there of mere words? Arthur and I knew we loved each other—always had. But it was true that I belonged to some one else legally. It was true I had thought enough of another at one time to make the most sacred promises between a man and woman. And now the man I loved was asking me to be decent enough to keep those promises—asking me, though it might break his own heart.

"I have a little cottage," Arthur explained, "and have managed to get Henri there without difficulty. It is out on a point, a little place built by an artist once, on one of the minor capes. I have a French couple for help and have arranged every comfort I could think of. I—promised . . ."

His voice broke. He took a drink of his watered claret, and continued more steadily:

"I have promised Henri to bring you there. He didn't—he doesn't believe you will come or that you really love him."

Arthur wasn't looking at me. I wondered what had passed between the two men.

"You must dissuade him from that idea," Arthur hurried on. "You must prove to him that you love him. Understand, Hester? He needs affection very badly."

"I understand," I said.

Arthur stood up abruptly and tossed a bill on the table. "Come, let's go," he said. "It will be late when we get there."

I followed him obediently, understanding his desire to start—to get under way—to get things over and done with.

In the car he had himself in complete control. It gladdened my heart that Arthur was no victim of shaken nerves. Whatever Alec Dodson's or Henri's fate had brought them to, Arthur was his assured self.

He told me of Eric's extradition and trial. He told me of O'Toole's arrest and Alec's collapse. . . . We talked so hungrily, and as we drove through the gathering dusk, we found ourselves quite naturally sitting closer to each other. I knew we were both remembering happier days and the youth which we had shared, and I knew that we were comfortingly, if hopelessly, loving each other.

We didn't stop again to eat but drove straight on to one of the less fashionable resorts on the southern Riviera. Through little winding side streets we reached a road that took us out on a jut of land, with the Mediterranean on both sides. Arthur had chosen an isolated spot. We passed a few deserted houses, dark and shuttered.

We drew up at length to the last house on the point. It was after eleven, but there were lights burning upstairs, in what I knew would be Henri's room.

Arthur had lifted out my luggage and placed it on the path before we heard a servant opening the door. He drew me to the far side of his coupé, his hand around my shoulder.

"I'm not going in, Hester. Don't say it was I who brought you."

"All right, Arthur. But, Arthur—when will I see you again?"

"I wish I knew," he said. "I'll come when I can—I'll get in touch with you when I can. I have all his work to take over, and one great job which, please God, I can do first, before we disband."

"Isn't there any way I can ever reach you?" I pleaded.

"Try the old central cable address. It ought to work, unless something goes wrong."

"Arthur—I am a little afraid."

He started to answer—and then impulsively caught me to him and kissed me. He said nothing further, but climbed into his car and started the motor. I heard the servant's voice call out, but for the moment I couldn't answer as I watched Arthur drive away with a horrible sense of finality.

A moment later I heard Henri's voice screaming out my name:

"*Hester? Hester?*"

I saw him leaning out of an upper window.

"Yes," I called. "Yes, darling, I am here."

THE next five months were a slow accumulating nightmare, almost too horrible to describe. At first Henri's illness was obvious though complicated. I nursed him through a long period of pleurisy only to have him relapse. There was a lung condition that almost forced the local doctor to insist upon hospitalization. I pulled Henri through that, but the doctor and I knew there were adhesions and feared eventual hemorrhages.

How strange when triumphs are tragedies. Henri, able to move around, facing the warmth of spring, was a new problem, with the false optimism of many tubercular victims. He was determined to take back the reins of his activities and sent Arthur orders to report to him. When Arthur didn't reply, Henri suspected the man again.

All this brought obvious difficulties, but the chief horror I suffered, until my nerves were acutely raw, was Henri's desire to make love to me. I tried to respond. Arthur had set that as my job.

But unfortunately I didn't fool Henri for very long. He came to suspect my true feeling, until at last he was unreasonably tormented with jealousy. I tried to reach Arthur to tell him that I was worse for Henri now than any one—that my presence was doing him harm. I wouldn't, under any circumstances, leave him until Arthur relieved me of my post. But I was almost fright-

1

Tom Orkney always was a show-off! I'm minding my own business, cutting a few fancy eights on the ice, when along he comes. "Do you call *that* figure skating?" he yells. "I'll bet you a bottle of the whiskey with No Rough Edges I can beat it. Look!"

2

He goes into a whirl and—smacko! I couldn't help laughing when he landed on—*er*—the ice. And that swell TEN HIGH sure Doubled my Enjoyment! "This must cost plenty," I say when I taste it. "See—you *don't* know anything about figures," he says. "Doubly smooth TEN HIGH costs half what you think!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE
WHY DON'T YOU TRY TEN HIGH MISTER? THIS RICH WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES" IS EASY ON THE OLD BANK ROLL, TOO.
Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

90 proof
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Double your enjoyment with Ten High

ened of Henri, and he came, as weeks went on, to take a delight in making me prove my love in fantastic ways.

His rages were out of bounds—and only I could quiet him, even though I had often inspired them. The servants left. I found that I couldn't keep any servants. The natives would have nothing to do with us.

The doctor was faithful, but he had urged me to remove Henri and warned me that I might find the man a mental case, and the authorities would have to come and take him away. Still I refused to heed his advice. That must not happen. Henri didn't deserve it. Surely I could hold out until Arthur came, and he would know what to do. . . .

Over and over I sent him messages, but either I had an answer, "Will come as soon as possible," and then long silences, or, as was more often the case, no answer at all. Arthur must be going through great difficulties himself. I could tell, from the newspapers, of the impending clouds. I read of the "accidents" that had caused the sinking of a submarine in the United States, a submarine in England and a submarine in France—all within two weeks! I had read, with growing anxiety, so many other developments and could realize in late August Hitler's determination to annex Poland.

But I suddenly forbade myself any news because I had to forbid Henri news. The news inflamed him, and while it distracted him from our personal friction, it brought about a frenzied activity which made me admit at last that he was definitely mad.

I found him in our cellar, setting up his own radio sending and receiving set. It didn't work. I saw to that; but for hours he would sit at this machine, feverishly sending out orders—insane orders that I found heartbreaking and too horrible to read. It brought him for a certain while a little peace. He thought once more that he was active, and would bury himself far into the night in a conglomeration of maps and charts, spread over the floor, into which he stuck little pins. I took dictation from him to humor him, I brought him answers—which I had written out myself.

THERE seemed to be no end to the accumulating horrors. Wild storms with the wind shrieking around the servantless house and the waves lashing high. . . . Then finally the lack of money. The more or less regular postal orders which Arthur sent, ceased abruptly, and I had quite given up trying to reach him. I took to selling various objects that might bring any cash at all. What were we going to do when we came to the end? I was drained and defeated.

One morning when I dug into my purse for my cigarette holder with the hope of selling it, I came across a little capsule that I had long forgotten: a capsule of poison, once given me as the just medicine for a traitor. I held it up and laughed and then stopped abruptly. That kind of laugh was not sane. . . .

The capsule fascinated me. I put it down and dressed to trudge to the village, only to pick it up again. It was the answer to so many things. It was peace and haven—escape. . . . It was the way to check out of a world where one had been a failure. . . .

I slipped the capsule into my jacket pocket and then forgot it. But it was always in the back of my mind—ever present. That night, toward dinnertime, the lights of a car wheeled down the long, rutted road, out to our lonely point. I think I knew that it was Arthur. Henri knew, too. After all, hadn't Henri summoned him by radio?

I TRIED to get to Arthur first to warn him of Henri's condition. But my desire to greet him first angered Henri, so that he met Arthur coldly, with a sense of enmity. Henri was bent on watching my every move so that I would have no possible chance to speak a word in private.

The sight of Arthur shocked me—he looked older—worn. I turned away, wondering if I had changed as much. I was suddenly aware that I hadn't looked in a mirror for weeks, and I didn't dare look now.

I went back to the kitchen and finished getting dinner. I laid the table and served the big tureen of vegetable soup, and went to call the two men. I found them laughing and genial. I frowned, bewildered. Henri was laughing quite like his old self. Was it possible that I had provoked his insanity?

But no. He wasn't talking sense to Arthur either! He rambled, he broke off, he contradicted himself and told gibberish stories! But Arthur only answered and laughed as if Henri were normal.

I went back into the dining room with them. I served the food as they settled at their places, and then sat back, unable to eat. I put my hand in my jacket pocket, and my fingers felt the little pellet. I kept rolling it around between my fingers as I listened to Arthur tell how the Germans had marched into Poland two nights ago. War was on us—at our door. We three had worked, as had many others, to prevent it. My fingers caressed the little capsule. There was no use living. I had done the job I had been asked to do. I had been as good a wife as I could to Henri. Now Arthur was here to relieve me, and he would solve Henri's hapless problem. But I felt too sickened and soiled and weak to face the real love I might have had. I was no longer good enough for any man—much less the decent fine man who sat opposite me at the table. His eyes were anguished when he looked at me.

Yet he spoke matter-of-factly, and could make himself smile. And, having seated himself, he could remember that he had brought a bottle of wine, and he could go outside to get it. I rose for glasses, aware that

MYSTERY STORIES
MYSTERY STORIES

WHEN NERVOUS TENSION GETS YOU DOWN JUST USE THIS GUM FROM FLAVOR-TOWN

It is always refreshing and restful. You have a choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies (candy coated), Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Below is the "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N.Y., famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.

Beech-Nut Gum

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
TO OPEN USE TAB
One of America's GOOD habits

Henri's eyes became suspicious the moment I got to my feet. He thought, of course, that I wanted to see Arthur alone. Arthur came back and opened the wine. While he was thus engaged, I took the capsule out of my pocket and quite deliberately put its contents in my glass. Neither man noticed.

Arthur poured. I picked my glass up eagerly—too eagerly. I was anxious to drain it; but I think both men marked my greedy haste, and glanced at me with surprise. I put the glass down almost guiltily. They mustn't suspect anything.

"Why don't you give a toast?" I stammered. "Why don't you make a speech, Henri?"

Henri got up, delighted, and as he did so, I knocked a dish over in my nervousness. It clattered messily to the floor. Both men came to help me pick up the pieces and wipe up the stains. And Henri, taking his cue from Arthur, tried to make light of the incident.

"Come on now, Hester," Arthur said. "Don't worry about housekeeping tragedies. We want our toast."

He put his arms around both of us.

"A toast," he said, "to all our fellow workers who made such a brave attempt for such a fine ideal."

"I'll be glad to drink to that," I said, and looked deep into my glass. It surprised me that I was eager to drink it down. But I kept my eyes on Arthur. I wanted to see him last.

I drank every drop deliberately. And smiled at Arthur.

WE sat down after drinking, and I went on serving food, waiting —waiting for the effects. Listening to Arthur and Henri talk and watching them both. My mind was working with unusual clarity. I could look at Henri now and forgive him every torment he had put me through. And as for Arthur . . . I loved him. I only regretted not having fulfilled that love. But it didn't matter now, I thought, as his eyes met mine. We knew we loved each other. . . . His eyes looked into mine—blue and tender. I felt dizzy and welcomed a strange feeling that stole over me. I threw back my head, eager to meet death, and I said very softly: "Arthur, I love you."

There was a sudden crash as Henri slipped from his chair to the floor. I clutched the arms of my chair and leaned forward, staring at him. I heard him groan and saw a convulsion seize him—and leave him quiet.

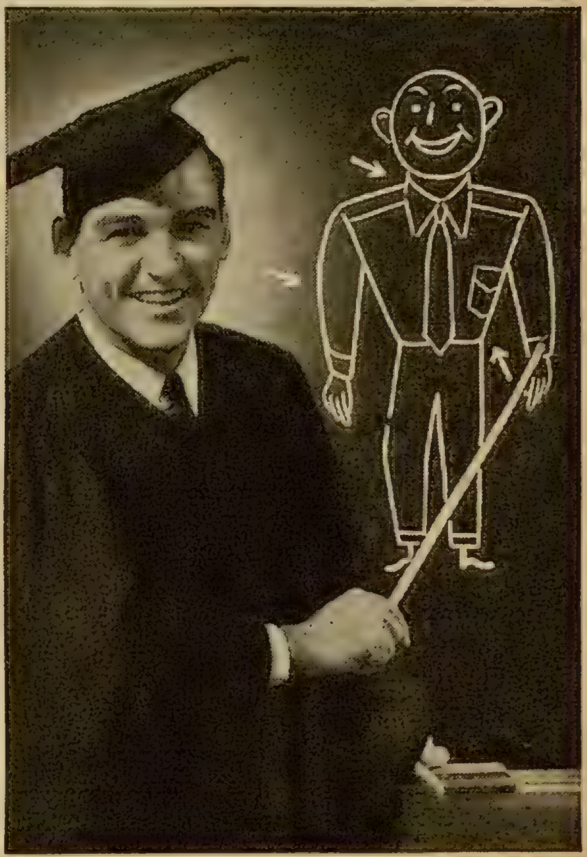
I looked over at Arthur. He had not moved.

After a little space he said to me: "It was the kindest thing, Hester."

But will not this "kindest thing" be the beginning of fresh catastrophe and agony for Hester and Arthur? And can Arthur perform his last great task? What is it? This thrilling story of international espionage and troubled love reaches its full height of drama in next week's Liberty.

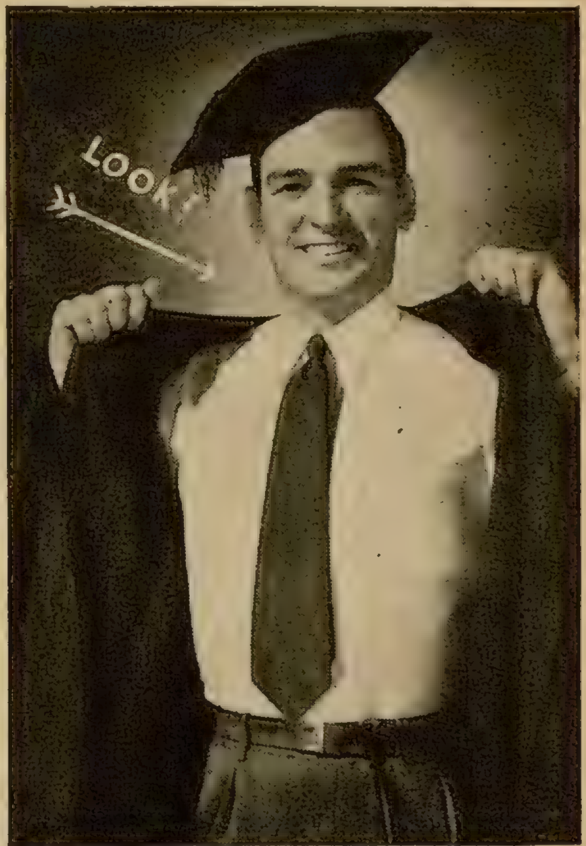
A free 2-minute course in buying shirts

1. WHY IS THIS MAN CHOKED UP? Because his collar has shrunk. Why did it shrink? Because he didn't wear a Sanforized-Shrunk Arrow Shirt whose fabric won't shrink even 1%!



2. WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING? Because his shirt fits his torso so well. Arrow's unique Mitoga tailored-fit curves with your waist, slopes with your shoulders, tapers with your arms.

3. WHAT, PRAY TELL, IS THIS? This is a 50-lb. weight, hanging from an Arrow Shirt button! It takes the heftiest laundress in town to loosen Arrow's *anchored* buttons. (Pat #1,871,355)



4. HERE IS AN ARROW SHIRT, a masterpiece of tailoring. Note the smart Arrow collar and fine fabric. Get Arrow Trump (soft collar) and Hitt (non-wilt collar) at your Arrow dealer's now. $2 each.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

YOU *could* be fined for contempt of court if the judge caught you powdering your nose or lipsticking your mouth while doing jury duty. . . . Probably you'd be rejected by lawyers on both sides of the case unless you dressed neatly and modestly. . . . The mere fact that you are a woman is all you need to get yourself excused, but nine girls out of ten accept a jury summons with relish. They consider it a civic privilege, and do their solemn best to uphold justice. For their first jury service, many go to the expense of having a permanent wave and buying brand-new clothes.

I learned all this through a talk with Jane Smith Cramer, lady lawyer of Brooklyn, who pioneered much of the jury-duty campaign for the League of Women Voters. So far the drive has won us the right to serve on juries in twenty-four of our United States, and in Alaska and the District of Columbia. In civil cases a husband and wife may be impaneled on the same jury, but it seldom happens.

Jane Cramer thinks lawyers and judges should talk to women jurors in simpler language, less technical. She says most housewives, without previous court experience, have no comprehension of legal terms; don't even know what a courtroom looks like!

Lawyers and judges ought to explain a case to women jurors in their own plain over-the-back-fence lingo.

Jury schools, in a number of communities, are teaching the rudiments of service to prospective jurors. In make-believe trials, experimenting with variously composed juries, the results have sometimes been surprising. An all-male jury is apt to agree quickest. Next to reach an agreement is the all-female jury. Longest arguing, last to agree, is the mixed jury, male *and* female.

☆ *Zoning's* the latest thing among New York divorce society. To avoid the embarrassment of running into each other at parties with mutual friends, some divorced mates now split their favorite fun spots fifty-fifty. He agrees to stay away from her half and she from his. Last week I heard an ex-wife telephone to her ex-husband. She said: "Steve, will you trade me an evening in your territory for one in mine? I'd like tomorrow night at El Morocco. What will you take in return? . . . Next Wednesday night at the Rainbow Room? O. K.; it's a deal."

☆ Apricot Cheeks and Almond Eyes is the intriguing title of Genevieve Wimsatt's interesting new book about Empress Yang, queen of old China. (Published by the Columbia University Press.)

☆ There's no charity in our hearts when we decide to rid ourselves of a pair of shoes that hurt. We don't feel like giving them away; we want to *throw* them away—they make us so mad! Friend of mine hurled a new pair of torture shoes out the window; but a kind neighbor brought them back, thinking they had been carried off by a mischievous pup. Then the poor dog was in wrong all around. . . . After a day of anguish I once stepped impulsively out of my pumps in a hotel elevator, walked stocking-footed to my room, while the elevator boy stared at my empty shoes, and at me as though I were a crazy woman, which was more or less true at the moment. Few self-inflicted woes can curdle our intelligence as sourly as a wrong pair of shoes. *Smart* girls don't buy them any more.

☆ As cruel in its way as any shoe torment was the shocking exasperation suffered in New York recently by Irving Berlin, when he prepared to dine and wine a powerful movie magnate from Hollywood. Rushed as always, the magnate had only one day available. Mr. Berlin aimed to feed him a super-de-luxe dinner at the newest of ritzy restaurants. To certify the excellence of the meal, the famous song writer went there alone on Saturday evening, twenty-four hours before his big date. Selecting each of the many courses with greatest care, he gorged his way through that magnificent preview banquet to the last bite and sip. It was a truly sacrificial ordeal, since he is a very plain eater by preference, hating all fancy fare. Sorely stuffed to the gullet, he summoned the headwaiter. "Now, tomorrow evening," he said, "I want the same dinner for two." Then the headwaiter shook Mr. Berlin's faith in life and hope. The headwaiter said, "We are not open Sundays." . . . So Mr. B. had to do it all over again at another ritzy restaurant!

☆ De luxe enough for any company supper is this *Jellied* Crab Salad. The recipe comes from New Orleans. . . . Put 2 small cans crab meat through grinder with 2 tablespoons chopped olives and 2 tablespoons nuts. Mix with 3 chopped hard-boiled eggs and 2 tablespoons chopped canned pimento. Now stir 2 teaspoons dissolved gelatin into 1 cup mayonnaise. Mix all ingredients together smoothly and refrigerate overnight. Serve on bed of shredded lettuce lightly sprinkled with French dressing. Decorate with black olives and sweet pickles. Hot buttered biscuits are the perfect accompaniment.

"There's a towel missing with the inscription 'Grand Hotel'!"

MORE SNAKES Than I Can Kill

BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities

The content of Mr. Dies' article in last week's issue of Liberty is summarized on the next page.

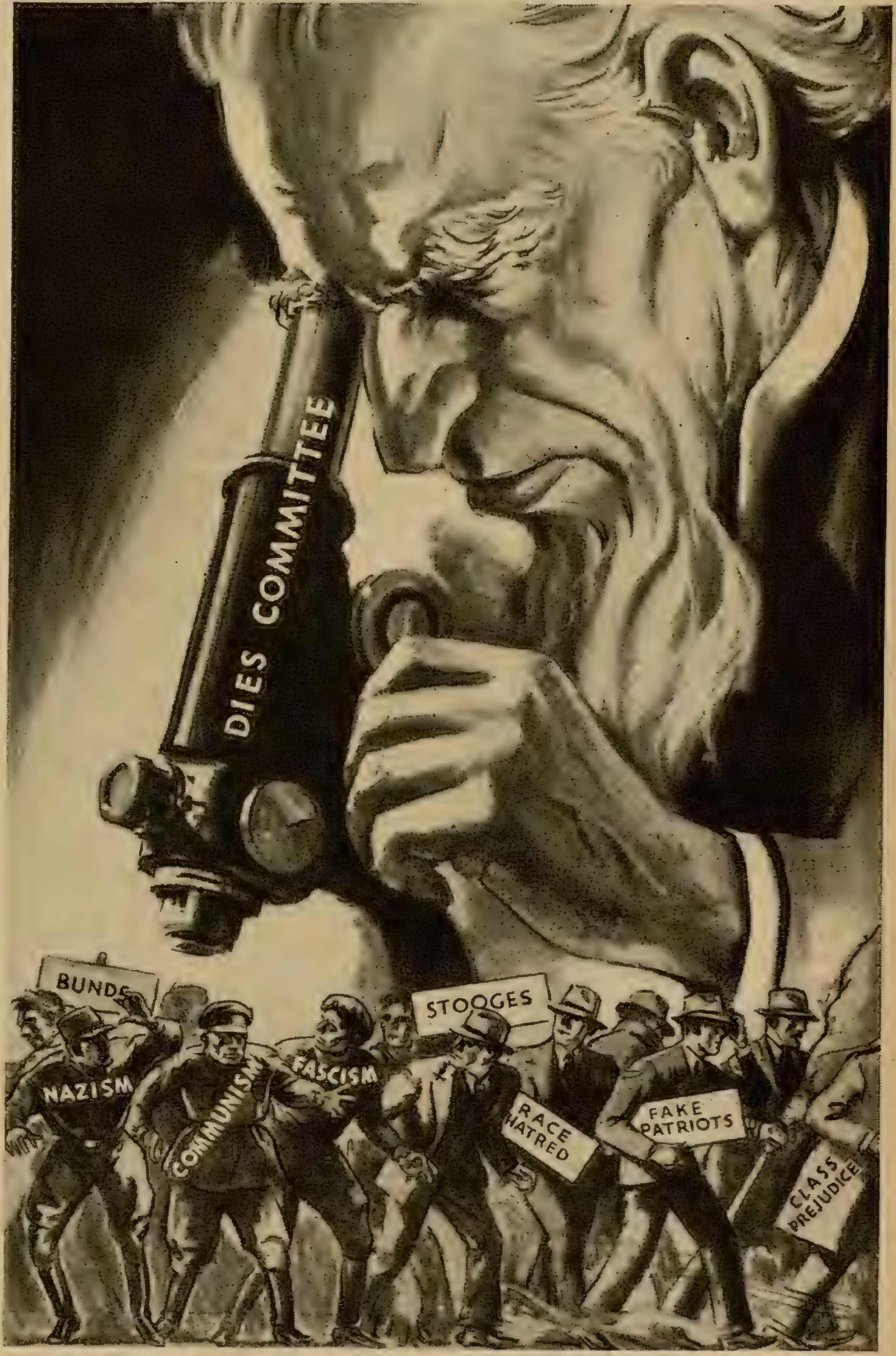
READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART FOUR—TERMITES AND THEIR TACTICS

I HAVE always considered myself a liberal and I am certainly a firm and sincere advocate of liberalism. But the brand of liberalism that I understand is entirely different from Communism. My idea of liberalism has been the fundamental principles of liberty. There never was any idea on my part of injuring the cause of true liberalism. I have always felt that unless true liberalism and the labor movement disassociated themselves from Communism, they were doomed to failure. With all my heart I believe that the greatest service that can be performed in the cause of true liberalism and legitimate labor unions is to expose as thoroughly as possible the subversive activities in this country.

In my judgment, the President, as well as many sincere liberals throughout the world, was for a long time completely deceived by the Soviet Union. I think that the President was sincerely friendly to the Soviet Union; that he regarded it as a foe of Nazism; and that he thought it was in the interest of democracy to help and encourage the Soviet Union. In other words, I believe that the Communists put one over on the liberals in the United States just as they did in France.

It is also clear to me that fake patriots deceive many gullible people in this country. Some of these fake patriots are the agents of Hitler and Mussolini. They have direct connections with Berlin and Rome. On the



Communists, Fascists, Nazis: those who are working subversively in this country to undermine American democracy! The inside story of a history-making investigation

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE PROBE OF UN-AMERICANISM

All statements made and opinions expressed by Mr. Dies in this series of articles are his own, and Liberty disclaims responsibility for any of them. For his statement of his case, it has allowed him the fullest latitude within the laws of libel. As always, it will be happy, in any instance, to present the other side too.

other hand, there are many fake patriots who have no such connections with foreign governments but who are essentially racketeers, interested solely in enriching themselves. Some of this latter class of fake patriots openly use racial and religious hatred as a bait to attract intolerant people. Others pretend to be tolerant, but through veiled inferences and attacks make the same subtle appeal to bigotry and intolerance.

These fake patriots and their organizations have a big following in the United States, and they are raising hundreds of thousands of dollars. We are interested in the question whether any of this money goes into personal bank accounts.

William Dudley Pelley was mailing out about one million pamphlets and newspapers every year, and his appeals to religious and racial hatred reached thousands in every section of the nation. While Pelley claimed to be a patriot, the evidence before our committee showed that he had reprinted in his publications articles and statements that had come from Germany.

In traveling around the country I have found in many communities "patriots" who in the name of Christianity or Americanism are disseminating the same racial and religious bigotry which contributed to the triumph of Hitler in Germany. Most of these merchants of hate work in co-operation and exchange literature and speakers. All of them are raising as much money as possible from gullible Americans, and if our committee had the facilities to audit the books of these "patriotic" leaders and organizations it would show that millions of dollars are annually raised in this manner and devoted to the spreading of hatred in the United States. While these self-styled patriots profess to be the bitter foes of Communism, as a matter of fact they are using this issue for their own ulterior purposes. If Fascism in the United States ever develops as a serious threat to our institutions, it will spring from these so-called patriotic movements.

As an illustration of the manner in which some of these "patriots" operate in their campaign to disseminate racial and religious hatred, I wish to deal briefly with the Campbell-Gilbert-McWhirter testimony before our committee.

One of our investigators learned through James F. Cook, who is the Department Commander of the American Legion for the Department of Tennessee, that Mr. James E. Campbell had sent him typewritten copies of certain reports. These reports purported to set forth certain conversations that occurred between members of a prominent Jewish club of New York City. Mr. Cook testified as follows:

"I did not pay much attention to the first two or three reports I received from him. They were just typewritten copies. But after a while—oh, I guess I received four or five of these reports—I did not pay much attention to them to start with, but after a while I noticed, just happened to notice, in the paper an event that had been mentioned in one of these reports, and then I began to read them a little more closely and paid a little more attention to them, and there were several things happened after I received these that had been predicted in these reports. So then I began to kind of sit up and take notice of things."

The committee investigator came to Washington and submitted to me copies of these alleged reports which he had received from Mr. Cook. Because of the highly inflammatory and revolutionary statements contained in these reports and attributed to some of the most prominent citizens in America, and because it was apparent to me that this was a part of a widespread campaign to arouse religious and racial hatred, I instructed the investigator to find out the facts with reference to the dissemination of these reports.

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Dies revealed the fact that government agents had investigated his financial affairs and his entire record in law practice. He said that after such methods, together with misrepresentation in newspapers, had failed to discredit the Dies Committee, its critics convinced President Roosevelt that it was being used to hurt him and his administration. This, he said, was what led the President to "issue an unprecedented blast" against it. He is confident that the President was sincere but was imposed upon by left-wingers.

He said that, last October, he discussed with a group of New Dealers and others the possibility of co-operation between the Roosevelt administration and the committee in the interest of democracy, and he was told that within a short time the President would invite him to a conference. Instead of doing so, the President on the following Friday accused the committee of "sordid procedures."

Mr. Dies made public letters written to him in September, 1938, by "one of the Democratic leaders of the House," who reproached him for investigating the Labor and other executive departments at a time when Nazi activities in this country were so dangerous. When he remonstrated, saying his committee was investigating Nazism and Fascism as much as Communism, the leader deplored his letting it be used by shrewd Republicans to "besmirch certain outstanding Americans."

He said that the Mutual Broadcasting Company was constrained, from the White House, to give some one time to answer him on the President's denunciation. Presently, he said, Charlie Michelson, the National Democratic Committee's publicity man, demanded of the company that, as if of its own accord, it request Paul Y. Anderson to answer him.

As recently as last July, he said, efforts were made by the Roosevelt administration to end the investigation by the Dies Committee, with which it had never co-operated.

Mr. James E. Campbell maintained an office in Owensboro, Kentucky, under the name of Business Engineering Associates. The investigator discovered that he was a captain of the Engineers Corps Reserve and was Post Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and Americanism chairman of the Department of Kentucky of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. While Mr. Campbell maintained his office in Owensboro, he kept his bank account in the Citizens' Deposit Bank in Calhoun, Kentucky, which is about twenty miles from Owensboro. An examination of this bank account disclosed that he was receiving money from W. P. Gilbert of New York City, and that since the summer or fall of 1937 he had received approximately eight thousand dollars from Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Campbell testified that he did not receive money from any other source.

Under subpoena issued by me, the investigator seized Mr. Campbell's files, and they were brought to Washington. An examination of these files disclosed correspondence between Mr. Campbell and Mr. Felix McWhirter, president of the Peoples State Bank of Indianapolis and also treasurer of the Indiana State Central Committee of the Republican Party; General Van Horn Moseley of Atlanta, Georgia; W. P. Gilbert; John Hamilton; George Deatherage, Commander of the Knights of the White Camellia, and others.

The committee subpoenaed Mr. Campbell, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Deatherage, Mr. Hamilton, and General Moseley to appear before it for examination. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Gilbert admitted that Gilbert transmitted in longhand the alleged reports to Campbell, and that Campbell in turn sent them to a confidential mailing list of forty people who held key positions in the Reserve Officers Association and veterans' organizations. However, the committee found in Mr. Campbell's files a mailing list of approximately two hundred prominent people located in various sections of the country.

Mr. Gilbert testified that one George Rice, who claimed to be a waiter in a New York club, supplied him with the information on which Gilbert based the reports. Mr. Gilbert made little investigation to determine whether or not this alleged person, George Rice, was in fact a waiter at the club, nor did he make much of an effort to ascertain whether or not the reports were true. He stated, however, that he had seen George Rice enter the servants' entrance of the club upon two occasions. Although the committee has made diligent inquiry to find out whether or not there was any employee in the club who fitted the description Mr. Gilbert gave of George Rice, we have been unable to secure any information that would lead us to believe that there ever was any such person employed by the club.

The reports sent by Gilbert to Campbell were in longhand, identified by Gilbert as his own handwriting. These reports set forth alleged conversations of prominent members of the club in which they purported to predict future events, such as the sale of airplanes to France, the journey of James Roosevelt to Europe, and so forth. They also contained treasonable statements attributed to prominent citizens and were calculated to arouse intense racial hatred.

The original reports were found in Mr. Campbell's file, and an examination of them disclosed that, after making predictions, the same reports contained newspaper clippings confirming the alleged predictions. For instance, in the report of January 25, one of the prominent members of the club was alleged to have stated that he had arranged for the French to pay one hundred million dollars for planes and plane equipment. Following the prediction in the report was a paragraph as follows: "Proof—late edition of the New York Evening Sun, January 27, 1939, clipping enclosed." In other words, the reports not only contained the prediction, but, for the convenience of Mr. Campbell, set forth the confirmation in the form of newspaper clippings.

When Mr. Campbell received the reports, he struck out the paragraphs stating the proof of the predictions and transmitted typewritten copies of the reports. Since the reports were dated prior to the newspaper accounts confirming the alleged predictions, those who received the reports were led to believe that they contained accurate predictions of events that were subsequently announced in the press. As a matter of fact, while the reports were dated before the press releases, they were not mailed by Gilbert until after newspapers contained the announcements which were supposed to furnish the proof of the accuracy of the predictions.

The envelopes in which Mr. Campbell sent the reports to his mailing list were marked "Confidential." It is quite obvious that the contents of the reports were widely disseminated through a whispering campaign. No one who received these reports ever sent them, or any one of them, to our committee, or, so far as I have been able to learn, to any public authority.

From all of the various sources of information, I have pieced together what I conceive to be an accurate picture of what has happened in this country in recent years with reference to the growth and development of the subversive movements and ideologies of foreign countries. I shall paint this picture as best I can in simple and understandable language.

The truth is that many so-called liberals in this country were played for suckers by leaders and strategists of the Communist Party. This was due partly to a lack of experience on the part of the liberals and to a complete lack of any definite program to distinguish liberalism from conservatism. In other words, every crackpot from Socialist to Communist calls himself a liberal.

The popular idea was that any one who wanted to spend some one else's money or take away some one else's rights was a liberal. Many of the so-called liberals looked upon property rights as relics of feudalism. While they did not recognize it, what some liberals were preaching was the very essence of Communism, and while few of the liberals were willing to go as far as the Communists, the only difference between the extreme brand of liberalism and Communism is one of degree. There was, therefore, more than a coincidence in the alignment between many self-styled liberals and Communists. There was a common prejudice against property rights which was shared in varying degrees by many of those who call themselves liberals.

Some disillusioned liberals would have us believe that the Communists were to blame for what happened and that they were merely innocent. As a matter of fact, many liberals were preaching class hatred in varying degrees and this threw them into the same camp with the Communists. This is the explanation for the almost unbelievable influence which the Communists gained in so-called movements and organizations. This partly accounts for the fact that, according to testimony before our committee, more than half of the directors of the C. I. O. either are Communists, or have been Communists, or seem to follow the party line, and that many unions affiliated with the C. I. O. appear to be under the complete domination of Communists.

This also helps to explain the fact

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BROMO-SELTZER

TENNIS—Don Budge, leading tennis ace, won 4 major titles in one year. "I've found Bromo-Seltzer invaluable," he says.

BASEBALL—Joe McCarthy piloted Yankees to 4 World Series titles in a row! "For years I've taken Bromo-Seltzer."

AUTO RACING—Capt. Eyston held World's Auto Speed Record until 1939—"I find Bromo-Seltzer excellent."

EXPLORER—Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews says of Bromo-Seltzer: "Most satisfactory relief for headache."

FICTION—Erle Stanley Gardner often writes a million words a year! "For headache, I take Bromo-Seltzer."

GOLF—Sam Snead—greatest money-winner of golfing pros in 1938. "I've taken Bromo-Seltzer for years," he says.

that Communists have been able to set up front organizations and to get hundreds of thousands of people to join such organizations and contribute funds indirectly to the Communist Party. The actual membership of the Communist Party is small, not more than 100,000, but because the Communists were a well trained minority they were able to gain a dominant position in many of the organizations and to fleece liberal suckers out of millions of dollars which were spent for the benefit of Moscow.

NOT all liberals were actuated by class hatred or despised property rights. There are many sincere people who classify themselves as liberals and who sincerely believed that Russia was a democratic country. There is no question but that this administration so regarded Russia. The President and most of his Cabinet were friendly to Russia, and, since this administration came into office, much assistance has been given to the Soviet Union. This is shown by the correspondence which the committee obtained in the Carp case.

Sam Carp, an American citizen and a brother-in-law of Premier Molotov, was given a large sum of money by the Soviet government to bring to the United States. Carp admitted that he had paid about $32,000 to Scott Ferris, a Democratic National Committeeman, and about the same amount to Preston McGoodwin, now an aide of Charlie Michelson, the publicity director for the National Democratic Committee, in consideration of services in helping the Soviet government to secure approval of a battleship to be constructed in the United States.

As I stated before, there are many things that I know to be true but have not been able to prove as yet. For instance, Sam Carp deposited over $400,000 in cash in the bank. It has been proved, and he has admitted, that he paid $32,000 to Scott Ferris, National Democratic Committeeman from Oklahoma as a lawyer's fee, and about $25,000 to Preston McGoodwin, now an aide of Charlie Michelson.

What has not been proved is that many politicians in and about Washington also received large sums in cash. There is another bank account in the city of Washington which we have investigated. We were under the impression that this bank account had something to do with Soviet Russia, but we have not been able to establish this fact. However, in the course of the investigation we found the same situation as in the Carp matter. It is clear that some of the so-called liberals or leftists have not hesitated to take money from Russia.

Let nothing I have said cast any reflection upon the great majority of liberals who are sincere and conscientious. Some self-styled liberals, on the other hand, merely masquerade as liberals to conceal their sympathy for Communism.

In the letters of Mr. Ferris, Mr. McGoodwin, and Mr. Carp is the whole story of the policy of this government toward the Soviet Union. These letters show very clearly to me that the administration was friendly to Russia and from sincere motives was doing a great deal to assist Russia. I think that it was the definite foreign policy of the President and Mr. Hull to favor Russia upon the sincere belief that Russia was a democratic government and a foe of Nazism. After the Ferris letters were made public, I requested the State Department to permit me to inspect the Carp files. This request was refused, and I think that the real reason for the refusal was the unwillingness of the State Department to permit me to see how closely our government was working with Soviet Russia.

PATRIOTIC CARTOON CONTEST—$1,800 IN CASH AWARDS

Sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York

RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, the Town Hall, New York, and members of their families.

2. Cartoons must depict the ideal of "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy."

3. Cartoons must be approximately 14 x 16 inches and should not exceed this size. They should be drawn on white Bristol board, in India ink, pencil, or charcoal, suitable for published reproduction and exhibition.

4. Signatures must be placed on back of cartoons, not on face. Prize winners will be given an opportunity to sign on face before reproduction.

5. Cartoons will be judged for aptness, originality, power, simplicity, and draftsmanship. Judged on this basis, the best entry will be awarded a cash first prize of $1,000. The second best entry will receive a cash second prize of $300. The five entries next in order of excellence will receive cash prizes of $100 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. A competitor may submit as many cartoons as he desires, but only one prize will be awarded to any competitor.

6. Prize-winning cartoons will become the property of Liberty Magazine and the Town Hall, New York, for reproduction wherever desired. All entries may be exhibited at a special showing in New York after the contest closes. The right is reserved to purchase for publication, at usual rates, any entries in addition to the prize winners.

7. Entries should be addressed to Patriotic Cartoon Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and should be postmarked on or before February 21, 1940, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned unless accompanied by return postage when submitted.

8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty Magazine and announced by broadcast over America's Town Meeting of the Air.

9. The judges will be Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty, George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for the Town Hall, and a nationally recognized personality to be announced later. By entering the contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Watch Liberty for further developments

This explains, at least to me, the reason administration leaders were opposed to the investigation of Communism. This also partly accounts for the ease with which the Communists and their fellow travelers were able to get some key positions in the government, in labor unions, and in so-called liberal organizations. There is no question in my mind but that the administration and liberal groups and individuals are now completely disillusioned, but they hate to acknowledge that they have been duped by the agents of a foreign Power. Pride keeps them from acknowledging their mistake and, in addition, the Communists have become so securely entrenched in some organizations that it is not an easy thing to get rid of them.

Not only were the liberals of the country deceived, but the same is true with reference to certain patriotic groups and organizations who have been used by Fascist and Nazi organizations in this country. The evidence before our committee shows conclusively that the German-American Bund is an arm of the Nazi propaganda and espionage machine. While, like the Communist Party, it pretends to be a patriotic American organization, it is no more nor less than the agent of the Nazi government. But because it cleverly disseminated racial prejudice, it was able to appeal to many so-called 100-per-cent Americans who have similar prejudices.

THE striking similarity of this strategy of Communists and of Fascists should not be overlooked. Here were the Communists using class hatred as bait to catch all the liberal suckers in America. Here were the Nazis and Fascists using racial and religious hatred as a bait to catch all the prejudiced and intolerant people in the country. However, the Nazi-Fascist groups never did obtain the influence that the Communists did. This is because they did not make so much headway in labor unions and in government agencies.

It only happened that the Fascists and Nazis failed to attain the influence that the Communists did because of circumstances that existed at the time. Actually they constitute as great a threat to America as do the Communists, and, while they are much younger than the Communists and are not as clever and astute, no one can deny that they have made considerable progress in recent years.

There was more secret sympathy for Nazi Germany in this country than was generally known. This is shown by many letters which I received urging me to investigate Communists and to minimize the seriousness of Nazism. Given the same time and opportunity which the Communists had, the Fascists would have made as much, if not more, progress in the United States, because there is as much racial prejudice in this country as there is class prejudice. This has not been true in recent years, on account of the depression and other factors, but under normal conditions an appeal to racial and religious hatred would be more effective in this country than an appeal to class hatred. I have had many intelligent and substantial people ex-

(Continued on page 42)

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CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICH.

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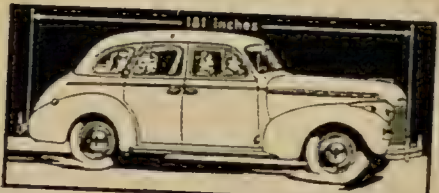

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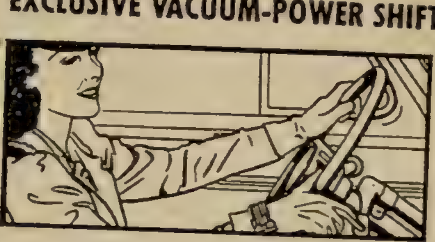

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(Continued from page 40)

press to me their prejudiced feelings with reference to races and religion in this country. There is hardly a mail which does not bring letters condemning some church or race.

But it so happens that class hatred has been in ascendancy during the past few years, and this has given the Communists their golden opportunity to multiply their influence.

When the Democratic administration came into power and the attitude toward Soviet Russia was changed to one of friendliness and co-operation, Stalin saw his opportunity to build up a powerful propaganda and espionage machine in the United States. At that time the Communist Party was very small but, according to Earl Browder, from 1935 to the present time the Communist Party has enjoyed the greatest growth in its history. Since 1935 more new members have been added to the Communist Party than during all of its previous history.

This was due to Communist influence in the C. I. O. and in government agencies. For instance, in one writers' project in New York we definitely proved that more than one third of the writers were members of the Communist Party.

The misuse of some charitable funds stimulated Communist growth during this period, so that Stalin was able to develop in the United States the most elaborate and efficient propaganda and espionage machine ever known here. What Stalin wanted were military secrets and a powerful influence in support of Russia's foreign policy. Actually the Russian agents in the United States legally and illegally seem to have come into possession of many important military and industrial secrets.

Hitler imitated the strategy of Stalin. He established a German-American Bund for the same purpose. Though Germany was disliked in Washington and throughout the country, and the German-American Bund was never able to penetrate other organizations and government agencies as successfully as the Communists, nevertheless, through an appeal to racial prejudice, the Bund was able to enlist the support and sympathy of many so-called patriotic organizations in this country.

During this same period the German-American Bund grew to approximately 100,000 members, including the sympathizer groups.

As I said, the Bund's growth was due, first, to an appeal to racial hatred and, second, to its professed antagonism to Communism. Bund members were and are working in navy yards, aviation factories, and in key industries. Through this source Hitler has been able to obtain valuable military and industrial secrets.

Whether he did as well as Stalin is a matter of speculation. But the truth now is that, since the alignment between Hitler and Stalin, all of the valuable information obtained in the United States is at the disposal of both dictators.

Still more challenging disclosures concerning un-American activities as indicated by the evidence that his committee has uncovered will be made by Mr. Dies in Liberty next week!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—Asta, of Thin Man fame.

2—In 1905 Theodore Roosevelt mediated the Russo-Japanese War.

3—Oscar, The Chocolate Soldier; Johann II, The Blue Danube; Richard, Der Rosenkavalier.

4—Foxx, Boston; DiMaggio, New York; Dean, Philadelphia.

5—They rob the nests of rats that make the first collection.

6—Cairo.

7—Deer botfly, win, 450 m.p.h., estimated top speed; duck hawk, place, 180, estimated top speed; and motorboat, show, approximately 150.

8—The one in the shade, because the one in the sun absorbs solar radiation.

9—General Jan Smuts, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, who fought with the Boers.

10—Horton Smith, golfer; Adam Smith, economist; and Gunboat Smith, fighter.

11—Fourteen.

12—Caesar, who crossed the Rubicon, thus starting the civil war that made him supreme.

13—The horse.

14—Admiral Graf Spee, 10,000 tons; U.S.S. Pennsylvania, 33,100 tons.

15—"Remember the Maine," and "Remember the Alamo."

16—The priest.

17—The Oldsmobile.

18—Brobdingnag, land of giants; the Houyhnhnm, a race of horses that ruled men; and Laputa, the island of philosophers.

19—The photoelectric cell.

20— V Stefansson

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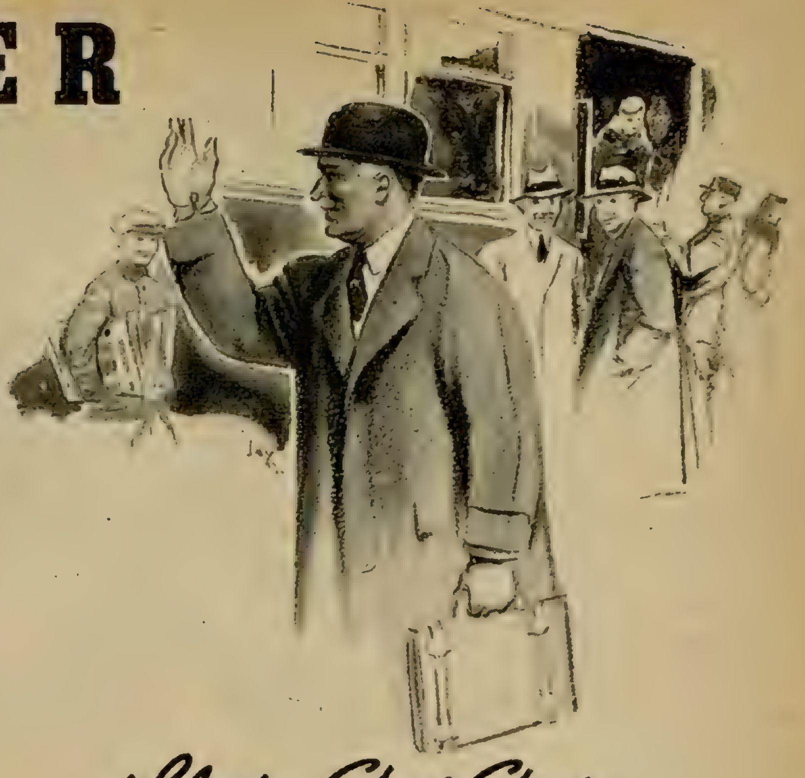
THE COMMUTER



Liberty's Short Short

BY BOB HUNT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE very day after the Sylvan Hills National Bank decided its loan department was losing money too fast to warrant keeping him on as assistant manager any longer, George Avery began to commute to New York for the first time in his fifty-one years.

It was a strange experience for George, first because he was not a terribly good mixer, and the Sylvan Hills train gang were a sociable crew, but most of all because he had never before gotten up at a quarter to seven to catch a train to the city.

Everybody said George was lucky to have something to commute to in a year like that. One of the boys remarked that it *would* take an apprehensive grasshopper of a banker to land something right off when thousands of other people couldn't even get a look in.

George Avery did look apprehensive—he'd got that way from expecting so long to lose his job at the bank—but he was no grasshopper. If a Chinese mandarin could have been born of Scotch-English stock, brought up in Sylvan Hills, New Jersey, attended the First Presbyterian Church and Princeton University, have had little white puffs of hair growing out of his ears, and have married Grace Richardson, he would undoubtedly have been called George S. Avery.

When her husband started commuting, Grace suddenly gave up the Wednesday Club, told Florrie-Mae, the colored girl, she wouldn't need her any longer, and began to take care of their eleven-room house herself. What was more revolutionary, Grace, who had always had ideas about designing clothes, put up a sign in the living-room window. It read "Grace Richardson Avery's Dress Shop."

"Says it's the chance she's been looking for for years," George told the boys on the seven-sixteen. "Could hardly wait to get me out of the house."

While George trekked back and forth to town every day, Sylvan Hills began to take notice of Grace's dress shop. Of course Grace had to hire girls to actually make the clothes—but her flair for turning simple figures into something more interesting kept her busy from the minute George left for town till she saw his dapper figure, paper under arm, carnation in buttonhole, coming through the dusk along South Main Street.

Then she would hastily put away her accounts, or her sketch pad, turn out the gas under the coffeepot, and go quickly out to meet him. Grace made it clear to the customers that business was over when George came home. Everybody said they were the luckiest couple in the world, at their age, to have taken hold again, he in town, she in her shop.

"Never saw a man like George Avery. Stuck over there in a country-town bank for twenty-thirty years. Never thought of him except when you wanted to borrow money. Here he loses his job, gets a hustle on him, goes to town, and look at him now!"

"Funny thing is, George is getting to be a real guy, too. Sort of fellow that gives you confidence in this country. You know, what the English say, what they call muddlin' through."

"And Grace, my dear. Never a peep out of her. Just took over that house and went to work."

"I always say you can't tell what people are made of till the pinch comes. Though heaven knows it's anything but a pinch with them, lucky dogs."

"Well, I can tell you one thing, boys. If George Avery should ever go back to that two-by-four hick bank, I'd open an account there."

That sort of thing went on for two whole years, with George growing more popular every day, and with Grace continuing to perform minor miracles in human engineering, changing the middle-aged into young matrons.

The afternoon before Decoration Day, George Avery collapsed on the five-twenty-three with a fresh-opened letter in his hand. Nobody had seen George get on, but he must have just picked up the letter then. George went down like a paper bag, white and limp on the green plush seat, his eyes staring strangely. Jimmy Jackson tore out after water, and Steve Allison, who always went equipped, tried to pour Scotch between his dry lips.

"It's nothing, Steve," whispered George weakly. "Be all right in a minute. I can't imagine what on earth could have happened to me."

"Sa-ay," said Jimmy, "you've been working too hard, my boy. I've been suspecting that. Here, let me put that letter away for you."

But George clung to his letter like grim death. Over his protest Steve and Jimmy saw him home.

"Funny thing," commented Steve, when they had left him on the corner of South Main and Maple, "when he lay back on that seat I swear he looked like an old man. Shriveled-like."

"I noticed that too," said Jimmy. "Old or young, though, George has got what it takes."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. He sure has got what it takes."

Grace met George in the hall.

"They want me back at the bank," he said simply. He handed her the long envelope addressed to George S. Avery, Esq., at his box in town.

Grace took the letter out and read it. She read it a second time, in a whisper, half to herself: "'Can't do without you. Want you to head new loan division. . . .'"

"We did it, didn't we?" asked George. He looked like a middle-aged angel in a Botticelli painting, cherubic and rather surprised.

Grace was looking at him with a soft curious light in her eyes. "*You* did it, you mean," she said. "It was your idea. All I did was help."

"In two years," said George briskly, "I figure I can pay it all back."

"No you're not," Grace began aggressively. "Not one cent. I always wanted to be a career woman."

"But . . ."

"Only for a little while," added Grace. "Now I'm through." She smoothed the gay little pink ribbon on her wavy white hair.

"We'll clean this place up, put in a lot of new furniture, buy a car, and take two weeks' vacation before I start back."

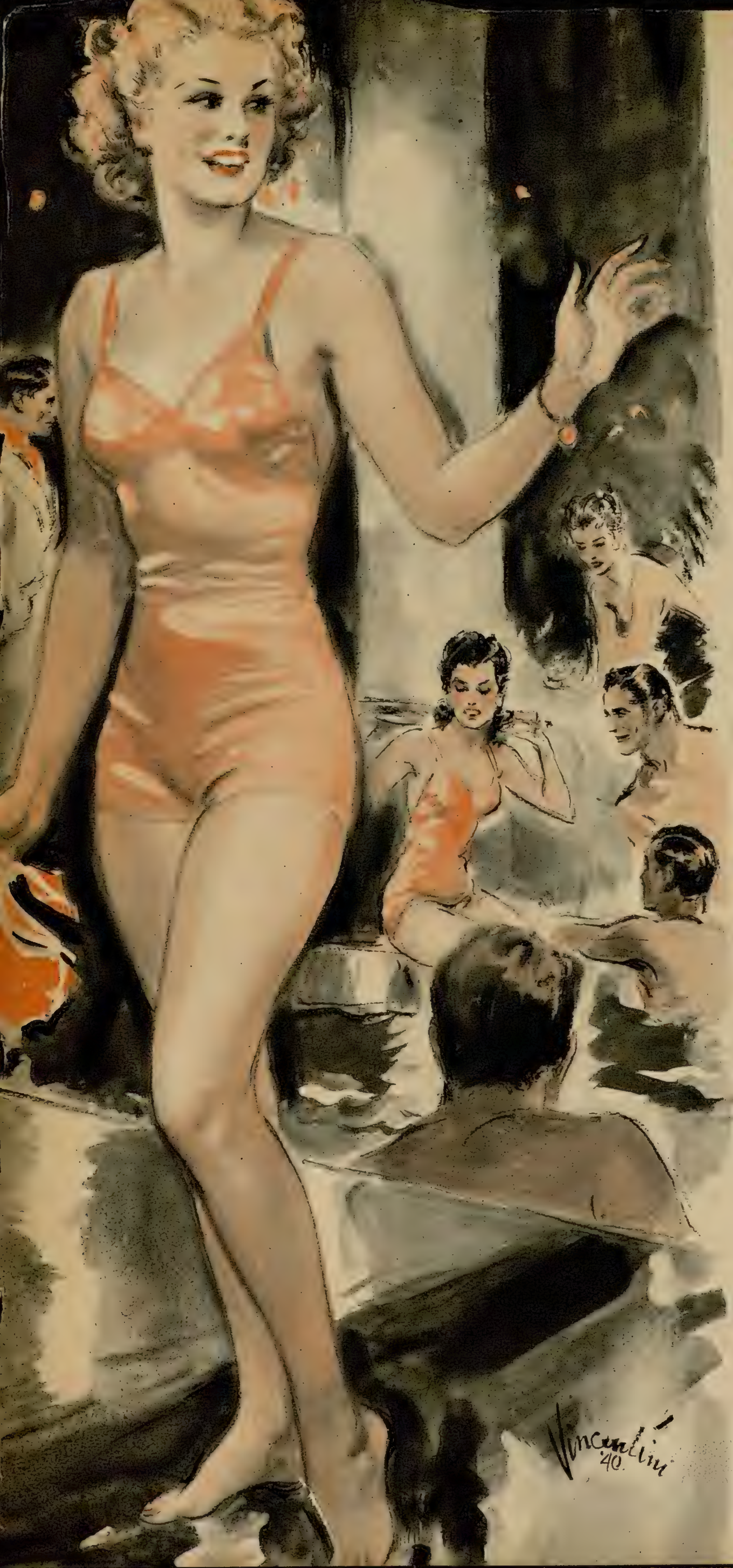
"George," said Grace very quietly, "I've never asked you much about it, have I? Was it terrible—all that time—in there?"

"Well," said George, "it wasn't exactly a picnic. Commuting two years to nothing isn't any picnic."

Suddenly Grace began to laugh, a little hysterically at first. Then George joined her, and they laughed till the tears came, like children at a private joke that no one else can understand.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



Presently she said, "Well, I'm off for a little deep-sea stuff. You paddle around here where it's shallow."

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SURE you can get in, as long as you've got a dollar, as long as you look clean," said Annabelle.

"I'm clean all right, but I'll feel like a dope," Joe said morosely.

"It's time you learned to swim," said Annabelle. "I'll give you a lesson."

"Yeh; I'll look swell, I will, getting a lesson from a girl, with all those society folks looking on and giving me the laugh. Besides, where do we get bathing suits?"

"They furnish them at the pool," Annabelle explained patiently. But her red lips pouted a little. The heat made her lovely blonde hair curl in damp little ringlets against her forehead.

"We could take a bus to Coney," Joe offered hopefully.

"What's the use of going way down to Coney when this nice cool pool is just around the corner? And I feel like going some place where it's nice and you see nice people."

Joe regarded her sadly. "You're changing, Annabelle. You're getting highfalutin ideas. It's that Fifth Avenue store where you work. Ninth Avenue isn't good enough for you any more."

"Oh, it isn't that, Joe!" Annabelle hurried to say, and she put her hand consolingly on Joe's knee. "But—but I'd sort of like to go up in the world a little."

"You stick to me, Annabelle, and we'll go up in the world together. I only got one dog wagon now, but you wait! Some day I'll have a chain of 'em. When are you going to say you'll marry me?"

"Not yet, Joe. Not yet! I want to be sure. Oh, I do like you. Terribly! But I want to be sure."

The sad look in Joe's eyes deepened. He had blue Irish eyes studded thick with black lashes, and when he looked at Annabelle in the way he was doing now something seemed to melt in her. She was almost ready to say she'd marry him—he'd asked her so often!—but she wasn't quite ready. Yet she wanted to be nice to him, make him happy. She'd let him have his way about Coney. So she sighed and said, "O. K., kid. If you want to go to Coney, let's go."

And, as always when she agreed to do what Joe wanted to do, he gave in to her wishes. "No, we'll go to that lousy pool," he said, "if that's what you want. But, remember, I don't want you to give me no swimming lesson."

It was hot! They were sitting on the steps of the shabby apartment house in which Annabelle lived with

Thank you FOR A LOVELY TIME

her pop and mom. Heat rose in vaporous waves from the Ninth Avenue pavement. The sun was setting in a red ball of fire over the Jersey shore.

"Let's eat, anyways," Joe said presently. "I'm hungry."

"Maybe we ought to eat after we swim, not before."

"Eating isn't going to hurt any swimming I'm going to do," said Joe.

"Well, I won't eat much," said Annabelle. "I can't eat much when it's as hot as this."

Listlessly they walked down the street and around the corner to "Simonelli's Summer Garden—Finest Italian Dinner in the City for 50¢." Across the street from them loomed London Towers, the gargantuan block of apartment buildings that had invaded this humble neighborhood. "Swept by river breezes!" said the advertisements of London Towers. "Every refinement and comfort for refined people. An acre of old-fashioned English garden. The largest indoor swimming pool in America."

Even outsiders, however, were admitted to the swimming pool. Annabelle knew. She had been there several times.

It wasn't so hot in Simonelli's Summer Garden. Revolving fans overhead stirred the reluctant air. The iced melon was refreshing. Even the minestrone wasn't so bad. Nor the spaghetti. Joe ate like a steam shovel. And Annabelle, despite what she'd said, ate heartily too. That wasn't such a good idea.

However, what with one thing and another, by the time they got to the swimming pool they were feeling pretty fit and at one with the universe. They sat on the edge of the pool and dabbled their feet happily in the cool water.

Annabelle wore one of the orange suits which the pool provided for ladies. Joe wore only trunks, and his splendid torso rose like a pillar of ivory from his narrow flanks to his powerful chest and shoulders. Annabelle gazed at him admiringly. He was a man all right, even if he couldn't swim. Presently she rose, laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder, and said, "Well, I'm off for a little deep-sea stuff. You paddle around here where it's shallow."

"Shut your mouth, honey," Joe said fondly. "Take it easy, too."

But Annabelle did not take it easy. She dived from the highest springboard in a poised and graceful flash that made the other bathers gape with admiration. She did a back dive to a chorus of "Ohs!" She swam like a streak from one end of the pool to the other.

It was just after she had taken a particularly spectacular dive that something happened and the finest Italian dinner in the city got in its dirty work. Of a sudden Annabelle felt an agonizing pain. Of a sudden she couldn't swim another stroke. She gurgled and let out a shriek, and the next thing she knew she was lying on the concrete walk that ran around the pool, her head and shoulders in a young gentleman's arms.

And the young gentleman's arms were not Joe's. In fact, the young gentleman was saying to Joe and others crowding around, "Get back! Let her get some air!"

Then an attendant came up with a small glass of brandy and poured the brandy into Annabelle, and after that she felt O. K. and sat up.

"Feeling better?" the young gentleman asked.

"Yes, I'm—I'm all right," she gasped. "Did you save my life?"

He grinned sheepishly. "It was

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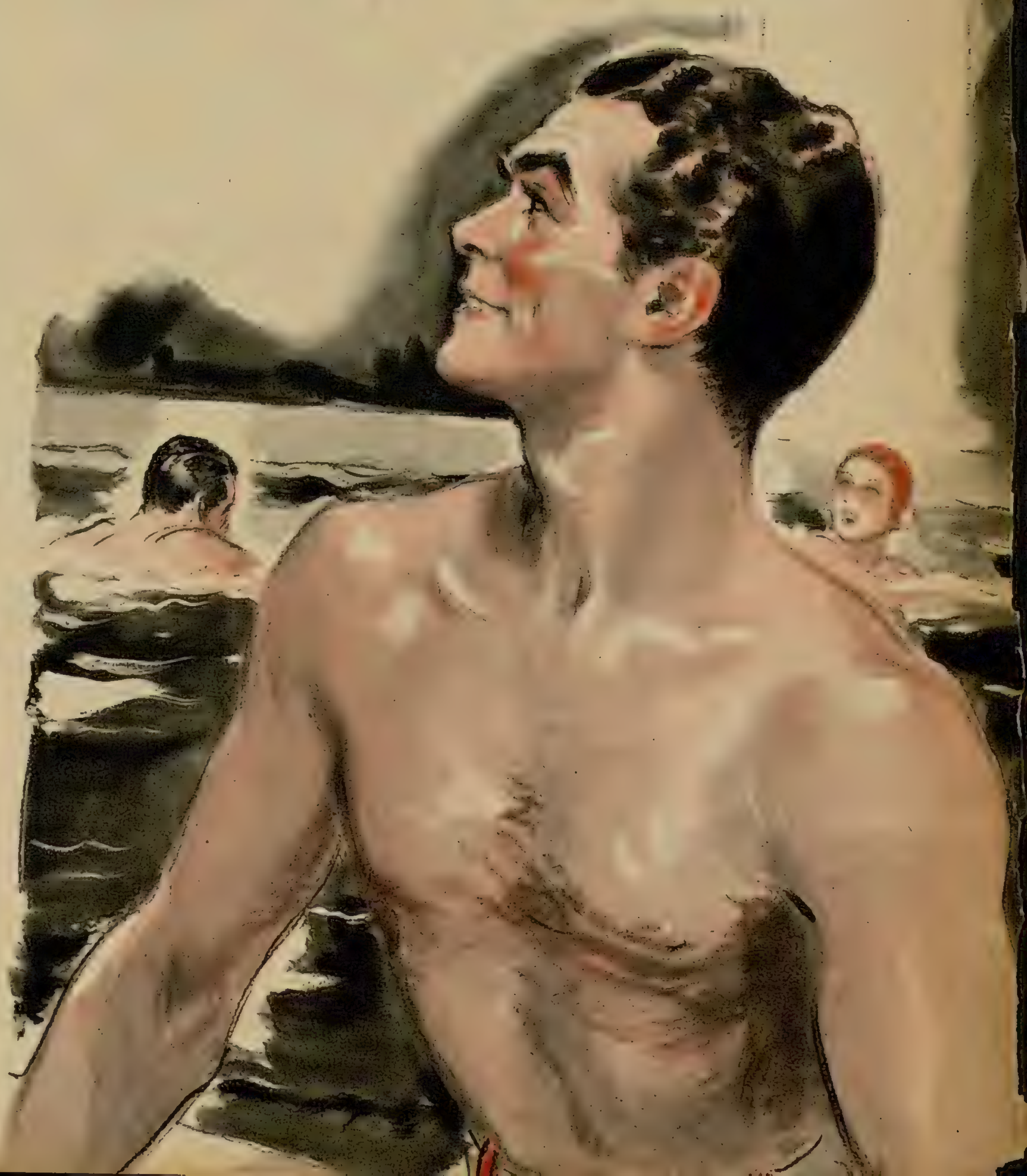
VINCENTINI

High life vs. hamburgers!—The lively romance of a girl who tried them both



just a question of hauling you in. You must have had a cramp."

Joe pushed himself forward and the young gentleman seized the opportunity to slip away unnoticed.

"I told you to take it easy," Joe growled.

"Yeh, and what a hero you turned out to be!" Annabelle snapped. "Let's go."

Joe scowled at the spectators. "Yeh, let's go," he agreed.

So Joe went to the men's locker room and Annabelle to the ladies'. A little later they met in the outside entrance to the pool. And there, too, was the young gentleman who had rescued Annabelle. He wore glasses and Annabelle saw that he looked very much a young gent about town. He wore flannel slacks and a brown sports coat, with a red-and-orange scarf tied around his throat. Very sporty. Very movie-idolish. Impulsively Annabelle rushed up to him and seized his hand and cried, "Thanks again for saving my life!"

He looked at her, surprised and embarrassed. "Please!" he said. "It—it was nothing. I mean I was glad to help, but—but, gosh, you're beautiful! I had no idea. I can't see very well without my glasses."

Joe thought it high time to step in. "Let's get going, Annabelle," he said.

But Annabelle wasn't forgetting her manners if Joe was. "This is my friend Mr. Costello," she said to her rescuer.

The young man put out his hand cordially. "How do!" he said. "My name is Stickney—Eric Stickney."

"Are you in the movies?" Annabelle asked in awe.

"Good heavens, no!" he laughed. "As a matter of fact I'm still downy from college." And, with another glance of admiration at Annabelle, "Say, why don't you two drift up to my apartment for a snort of something? I live here."

"No; I guess we better be going," said Joe.

But Annabelle said, "Why, thank you, Mr. Stickney. I think that would be perfectly lovely."

MR. STICKNEY lived in one of the penthouses. Twenty-one stories they flew up and up to the tipmost tower of London Towers. There they left the elevator and entered a private hall, paraded through a living room shrouded in dust covers, and stepped through French windows upon a terrace under the stars.

Annabelle clasped her hands. "Oh, it's heavenly here!" she cried. "Isn't it heavenly, Joe?"

"Yeh," said Joe.

"Of course it isn't my apartment," Eric Stickney said. "It's my old man's. He and mother are at Southampton for the summer. I can't stick Southampton. Too social. Too much show. I'd rather grub it alone here. Now, what do you want to drink?" He peered at them earnestly through his glasses. "How about a Planter's Punch?"

Neither Joe nor Annabelle knew what a Planter's Punch was, but Annabelle said, "It sounds lovely."

Mr. Stickney left for parts unknown to prepare the drinks, and Annabelle wandered to the brick wall that protected the terrace and, leaning upon its top, gazed over the magical city. The river shone darkly at one side, but boats passed, their lights caught and reflected in the water. They looked like barges from fairyland. Overhead an airplane zoomed through the stars.

Joe followed her and Annabelle slipped her arm through his. "It is heaven here, isn't it, Joe?" she whispered.

Joe held her to him closely. "You stick by me, kid," he said fiercely. "You stick by me and I'll build a chain of dog wagons that'll reach them stars."

"Oh, Joe!" she said. "Oh, Joe, that was almost poetry." And suddenly she kissed him.

But just then Mr. Stickney returned with a tray bearing tall tinkling glasses filled with Planter's Punch and slices of orange and lemon and sprigs of mint. Also a plate of paper-thin sandwiches. "Thought you might like a bite, too," he said hospitably. "Old family retainer does the chores for me. Always leaves a bite of something in the good old icebox." He handed a glass to Annabelle, another to Joe, and, taking his own, sprawled in a cushioned deck chair.

THEY were silent while they took the first sips. So icy! So delicious! So faintly heady with the aroma of rum. Even Joe felt slightly more amiable. And he was still glowing from the kiss Annabelle had given him.

Annabelle laughed and said, "It was worth almost being drowned to have it end with a drink like this in a place like this."

"It is nice, isn't it?" Eric Stickney agreed. "Might as well make the best of it while it lasts."

"While it lasts?" asked Annabelle.

"Well, you know what I mean. Some new social order is coming—none of us knows just what it will be."

Joe put down his glass. "Say, are you one of these here Communists?" he demanded.

Mr. Stickney threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Of course not!" he said. "I guess I agree with you, Joe, that the Communists should be chased out of this country. But everybody has to admit the social order is in a state of upheaval. There will be changes here just as there have been in Europe. What do you do, Joe?"

"Me, I run a dog wagon," Joe said belligerently, "down on the corner of Tenth."

"You do!" said Mr. Stickney enthusiastically. "That's splendid!"

"What do you do?" Joe asked suspiciously.

"I'm studying to be a lawyer. Old family tradition. Sometimes I think I'd almost rather dig ditches."

At last the Planter's Punches were finished. And the sandwiches.

"We better be going," said Joe. "It's getting late."

They all rose. Suddenly Mr. Stickney, with a glance at Annabelle, blurted forth: "Why don't you have dinner with me some night? Both of you. And very soon."

"I can't," said Joe. "I got to work every night. Being off tonight was something special."

"Then what about you, Miss Annabelle?"

And, to Joe's disgust and indignation, Annabelle answered, "I'd love to."

"Could you make it tomorrow?"

"Yes, I could," said Annabelle brazenly.

JOE thought this had gone far enough. His hands clenched; his lower jaw was thrust forward. "Say, listen, mister!" he said. "She's my girl, see! I don't want her having dinner with any other guy."

Mr. Stickney reddened. "Oh, I didn't realize—" he began.

But it was Annabelle who went into action now. "I'm not your girl, Joe," she cried fiercely. "That is, I never said I'd marry you. And you don't own me. Not by a long shot. I'll have dinner with any one I want."

"I don't want to interfere—" Mr. Stickney put in mildly.

"Look, Mr. Stickney!" Annabelle exclaimed. "Do you believe a fellow has the right to tell a girl what she can and can't do when they're not even engaged?"

"No, of course not," said Eric Stickney, disregarding Joe's scowls, for this was a matter of principle with him now. "But at the same time—"

Joe's clenched fist drew back dangerously, but Annabelle clung to his arm. "Remember, you're supposed to be a gentleman, Mr. Costello," she said to him, and to Mr. Stickney, "You're not afraid to take me to dinner, are you?"

"No! No! Not in the least!" cried the distraught Mr. Stickney.

"Then I'll certainly have dinner with you tomorrow night."

"All right. Shall I call for you?"

"No; I'll meet you on the corner underneath the el steps at seven," Annabelle said hastily. "And now, Joe, we'll go home."

They didn't say a word to each other on the way down in the elevator. But when they stepped out of the lobby and into the street, Joe threw his thumb over his shoulder and said gruffly, "Well, that's my way and there's yours. Here's where we part, baby."

Annabelle took his arm. "Joe, be reasonable—"

But he shook her hand from his arm. "Be reasonable when a girl makes a dope out of you! Why, you wouldn't even let me take a poke at him!"

"Why should you take a poke at him? He's a gentleman if I ever saw one. He's a hero, too. Didn't he save my life? You got to be at least polite to a guy who saves your life."

"A hell of a hero he is! I could be a hero too, but—but not in the water."

"But, Joe dear—"

"Don't you go Joe dearing me! No; your ideas are too fancy for me, baby."

And he swung on his heel and left her.

"Joe! Joe dear!" she called after him, and she knew if he came back she'd surrender. She'd even give up the glorious adventure of dining with Mr. Stickney. But Joe didn't turn. Maybe he didn't hear her.

ANNABELLE spent the next day torn between regret and anticipation. Regret because she and Joe had so definitely split—the worst fight they'd ever had in a course of true love that had never really been very smooth; anticipation of the wonderful evening she felt she'd have with Eric Stickney.

Maybe he'd take her to one of the roof gardens—maybe even the Rainbow Roof. And at last she'd be in the parade, assured, one of the smart crowd, fortified by the support of the irreproachable Mr. Stickney. (Penthouse! Southampton!)

And she knew what she'd wear. She'd wear her black lace dinner dress that she'd got at a bargain because it was late in the season. Her black pumps and her white chamois gloves. Her pearls that looked almost real. Her black hat with its wreath of gardenias. She'd look as nice as any one, no matter where they went.

She was dressed and ready for the party at half past six, but she did not leave her apartment until ten minutes past seven. It was the lady who should keep the gentleman waiting.

She found Mr. Stickney on the corner, but it must be admitted his appearance was a blow. Of course she hadn't expected him to wear a tux, exactly—not on a warm summer night—but she did think he might wear white flannel pants and a blue coat or maybe a white linen suit. Instead, he again wore slacks and a checked sports coat and a shirt open at the throat, without any tie. Well, I must say! she thought. Joe always looked so nice when he put on his Sunday suit, which he always did when he took her anywhere.

"I say, you did get dressed, didn't you?" Mr. Stickney said. "But you look ravishing! Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere you say," said Annabelle hopefully. But they certainly couldn't go to the Rainbow Roof—and him without even a tie.

"Well, we could go to some smart place, I suppose," he said doubtfully. "But, no, I can't stick those places. I've had too much of them in a brief but not merry life. Let's go to that little restaurant across the street. It's simple and friendly."

And, to Annabelle's despair, he took her arm and led her into Simonelli's Summer Garden.

Well, she tried to be a good sport about it. She tried to smile and be bright. But she couldn't help but think was it this for which she'd fought with Joe?

Maybe, however, he'd take her to some nice place later. Or even if they sat on his heavenly terrace and sipped planter's punches it wouldn't be so bad. Perhaps a lady should not go to a gentleman's apartment unaccompanied. On the other hand, she was sure that Mr. Stickney would not want to show her his etchings. Annabelle wasn't at all dumb about things like that.

But when the dinner was finished, Mr. Stickney jumped gaily to his feet and cried: "I know what we'll do now! We'll go to Palisade Park!"

Palisade Park! Oh, it was all right, of course. She and Joe had been there and had lots of fun. But tonight—tonight!—she had expected something so different.

In a daze of bitter disappointment, she let Mr. Stickney take her arm again and lead her to the Twenty-third Street bus to the ferry. Over the ferry. A bus on the Jersey side to Palisade Park.

With Annabelle still in a daze, with Mr. Stickney boyish and exuberant, they went on the Cyclone, the Bobsled, the Whip. They rode in the little boats that bumped into each other and the little cars that bumped into each other even worse. They shot clay pigeons, threw rings over knives, threw darts at balloons.

Heavy Date
... BUT LOOK AT MY NOSE!

GRACIOUS, HELEN YOUR NOSE IS RED AS A STOPLIGHT! WHAT'S WRONG?
THAT'S WHAT A COLD DOES TO ME.... RAW RED NOSE AND DOZENS OF HANKIES TO WASH.
SILLY! DON'T YOU KNOW KLEENEX TISSUES ARE SOFT AND EASY ON YOUR NOSE DURING COLDS? KLEENEX ENDS WASHING, TOO!
I'LL TRY ANYTHING-.... WHY I'LL DIE IF I'M NOT AT MY BEST FOR PROM!
PROM NIGHT
.... AND WHAT REALLY GOT ME, HELEN, WAS YOUR CUTE PUG NOSE.
YOU MEAN I WON BY A NOSE.
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With the money he's throwing around we could have had a real refined time, Annabelle reflected.

But Mr. Stickney shouted, "I'm having the time of my life, aren't you, Annabelle? May I call you Annabelle?"

"Yes, Eric," she said forlornly. Her black lace dress was torn. The wreath of gardenias on her hat hung limp. She could have wept.

Palisades Park was closing when they left. Again the bus. And the ferry. When they got off the ferry on the New York side, the streets seemed bleak and deserted.

Annabelle felt a terrific longing for Joe. "Let's walk over to Joe's and have a hamburger," she suggested. "Joe makes wonderful hamburgers." (Oh, everything about Joe is wonderful! she thought.) "It's only two blocks over."

Mr. Stickney agreed, although reluctantly. Once more he seized her weary arm and they started to walk. It was very late. The streets were, indeed, deserted.

As they passed the corner of Eleventh Avenue and Twenty-third, Annabelle noted three men, caps pulled low over their eyes, loitering in the shadows of a building on the corner. She gave them a nervous glance.

Then, a few steps farther, she looked back. "I think they're following us, Eric," she said.

"Who? What?" he asked, startled.

"Those three men who were on the corner. Let's hurry."

Eric glanced back. The men were following. "Maybe they're just going our way," he said reassuringly.

"They're going our way, all right," said Annabelle. "But let's beat it."

So they beat it; but the men beat it too.

"Hi!" yelled one of the men.

"Let's run," said Annabelle.

"This—this is ridiculous," said Eric. Nevertheless they ran. The men ran too. Then the men yelled. Annabelle and Eric could not understand what the men were yelling, but they didn't want to understand. They were taking no chances. And they could run. Both were young and lithe and fit. It developed into a race.

They had no breath with which to talk to each other, but finally Annabelle panted, "There it is! Joe's dog wagon. Thank heaven, there are lights! He's still open."

They won the race. They burst into Joe's dog wagon and sank exhausted upon stools before the counter. The three men hesitated and clustered outside.

Joe, behind the counter, was alone in the place. He looked at Annabelle and Eric in a stupefied manner. "What's the matter with you two?" he asked.

Annabelle pointed. "Those three men outside! They ran after us. They wanted to hold us up, I guess."

Joe leaped over the counter. "Oh, Joe, be careful!" Annabelle implored him.

But Joe was outside. He was facing the three men, peering at them. Then he shouted at them: "I know you, Butch! You too, Stuffy! And you, Mike! What do you think you're doing to my friends? Go on home and behave yourselves. Go on home or I'll tell your mommers."

The three regarded Joe in silence. Finally they turned and slunk away.

Joe returned to his place behind the counter. "They're just some punks," he said, "that live in the neighborhood. But I guess they'd of held you up, all right."

Annabelle gazed at him adoringly. "Oh, Joe!" she said. She was so thankful that Joe was a hero too.

"Well, I don't feel like any hamburgers now; do you, Annabelle?" asked Eric.

"No; I guess my taste for hamburgers has been chased out of me."

"May I see you home, then? I—I think it's safe now. Joe put the fear of God into those—those punks."

"No; I'll wait for Joe," Annabelle said. "I'd better wait for Joe. Good night, Eric." And she didn't forget her manners. She held out her hand graciously. "Good night, and thank you for a very lovely time."

"Good night, Annabelle," Eric said a little wistfully.

When he had gone, Annabelle turned to Joe, and there were tears in her eyes. "Oh, Joe," she said, "I've been such a fool! But—but I'm cured. You will see me home, won't you?"

Joe grinned. "Any time," he said.

THE END

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by Dorothy Van Doren

in the issue of May 27

$1,000

I MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

by Richard Connell

in the issue of December 30

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THE METHOD OF THE MASTER, by Devery Freeman, issue of April 15; TOMORROW'S TRUST, by Morton Thompson, issue of July 8; MR. MILLIKEN THINKS IT OVER, by Jay Wilson, issue of February 4; THE THIRTEENTH DOLLAR, by Ned Tomlinson, issue of March 11; OVER THE HILL, by H. G. Winter, issue of September 30.

HONORABLE MENTION

CONFESSIONAL, by Margaret E. Sangster (April 29); SUTTER'S CRYSTAL, by Robert S. Mansfield (June 10); ROSES, by Philip Coldren (September 2); ME AND $900, by Oscar Schisgall (June 3); ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET, by Dorothy Sherrill (December 16); STRATEGY, by Karl Detzer (March 18); CALLING DAY, by Ruth Hamilton (February 25); FOR ALWAYS, by Howard Fast (July 15); BOYS WILL BE MEN, by Morton Thompson (July 22); THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER, by Donald Barr Chidsey (May 13); TOUGH LAMB, by Robert Ormond Case (July 29); AMNESIA, by Frank Richardson Pierce (July 1); THE PIED PIPER'S AUTOGRAPH, by Eddie Forester (March 25); LOT'S WIFE, by Robert Arthur (October 14); THE SPACE BETWEEN, by Robert Brummer (January 7).

An eye-opening true story of troublous times for a little girl who threatened to rival Shirley Temple!

THE SECRET FIGHT ABOUT Jane WITHERS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THERE has just been released to American movie theaters a cheery little picture entitled High School, starring Jane Withers. It is such a simple and lightsome affair that to look at it you wouldn't think it marked the turning point in one of the most dramatic feuds in all film history. But it does.

High School indicates that for the first time Jane Withers stands an excellent chance to win the secret battle that has been fought against her, and that she may yet emerge victor from the struggle for prestige that has been going on for five years between herself and Shirley Temple.

Up until now Shirley has had all the superior weapons—million-dollar productions, the finest directors, the best casts, high-powered publicity, everything and anything that a wily studio could command to keep her at the box-office peak upon which she perched her small self immediately following her discovery.

In fact, in all this time there have been only two threats to Shirley's popularity that couldn't be successfully annihilated. The one was time. The other was Jane. The very fact that Jane throughout the warfare has been under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox, Shirley's own studio, was the chief factor which made it impossible to mow her down. That is the laugh in it all. The drama is that now Jane, but not Shirley, has licked time.

The situation began in 1934 when Jane Withers was innocently cast opposite Shirley in Bright Eyes.

Shirley was only five then but already a great star. Jane wasn't any one. Bright Eyes was her first film break, the chance which she and her indomitable mother had hunted during two harrowing years in Los Angeles.

From the angle of the casting office, Jane looked like the least possible menace to Twentieth's million-dollar baby. She was at the awkward age of eight as opposed to Shirley's infant appeal of five. She was strident and rambunctious as opposed to Shirley's dainty wistfulness. Her straight brown hair and funny little nose were expected to emphasize Shirley's golden curls and flowerlike beauty, to show her up as more ideal than ever.

That was what Jane was supposed to do. What she did was to run off with the picture.

Thus the morning after the preview of Bright Eyes Twentieth Century-Fox woke up to find itself in what was to prove to be an eternal rectangle, composed of Shirley and Mrs. Temple and Jane and Mrs. Withers, with the studio hopping around in the middle, holding an eight ball.

With the Withers child a click, Twentieth could neither afford to let her go nor keep her. If they allowed some other studio to grab her, she would certainly be put in big productions and become a genuine Temple rival. But if they put her in their own productions, every dollar she made took a potential dollar away from Shirley.

The only way to manage such a situation was to attempt to use Jane's talents in B productions, those low-cost pictures that are hastily made and buried from sight and publicity as the second half of the movie bill. That is an old Hollywood technique for getting rid of nuisance talent. Only if personalities are dominant enough can they survive.

Little Miss Withers was dominant enough.

Right from the day of her first independent picture she chose that naïve but still most effective formula of vigorously doing the very best she could. She was never given first-grade stories or casts or directors; nonetheless she kept right on trying.

A year went by, and gradually, through sheer good nature and constant co-operation, Jane began making her own breaks. That year, as Shirley Temple registered first in film popularity, Jane was a lowly thirty-fourth. A star that minor is usually easily dimmed, but Jane had two assets that Hollywood at first disregarded. The less important one was that she had a genuinely likable

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personality. But most children have that. The other was the destiny maker. It was like this: Where on the screen Shirley played the angel child (which she is in fact off the screen), Jane played the brat, the holy terror. Since she is actually a nice unassuming youngster, this screen personality was good acting, even if originally Hollywood was too busy to recognize it as such.

Jane's talent is the result of experience gained the hard way from the day when she was three and went on the radio in her home city of Atlanta, Georgia, to continue for the three years thereafter headlined as, heaven help her, "Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop."

She was six years old when she and her mother invaded Hollywood, armed with enthusiasm and two fat books of press clippings. Jane's father, Walter Withers, had agreed to finance Mama and Jane in a six-months attempt at getting into pictures.

AT the end of six months, even though Jane hadn't yet got by the office boys in any casting office, mother and daughter refused to go home. For eighteen months thereafter they led a precarious, discouraging existence doing whatever form of work that was offered to show Jane off. She played free benefits. She danced in free entertainments. She did free skits over radio stations. She got no money and nowhere. But this terrible persistence undoubtedly gave Jane the background to cash in quickly on the opportunity she got in Bright Eyes. Later, launched in her first inconsequential pictures, that unerring sixth sense of the public seems to have responded to the appeal of a sturdy little girl battling against uneven odds. At any rate, popular approval moved her up from thirty-fourth in the box-office ratings of 1936, to eleventh in 1937.

This standing, as you can readily imagine, made Jane a dark horse of quite another color to the Twentieth Century-Fox officials—and also to the Temples. For where in 1937 Shirley was still Public Darling Number One, she wasn't out in front by some ten lengths as she had been previously. She was, in all truth, a mere winner by a nose—and the grace of her lavish productions. This decrease in her popularity was actually no reflection upon her charm or her great ability. Shirley was merely following the brutal pattern set for child performers. She was seven, going on eight now, and as she grew taller, her box-office stature diminished. But—and this was the crusher—Jane Withers, while likewise growing up, was, perversely, growing in earnings too.

The gulf separating the two little girls continued to narrow in 1938. By then the traditional timidity of a million dollars about to invest itself began attacking the Temple productions. Because there was so much at stake, everybody played safe, with Shirley, according to her mother's statement, being "stifled by a repetition of her childhood self." In other words, Shirley wasn't being allowed to grow up. Little Miss Broadway, Just Around the Corner, The Little Princess, Susannah of the Mounties issued forth one after the other with great fanfare but with few fans. The formula was failing, and yet nobody dared risk changing it.

Jane meanwhile, allowed to grow older, even allowed to look adolescently fat for a film or two, crossed the golden barrier and entered the ranks of the first box-office ten.

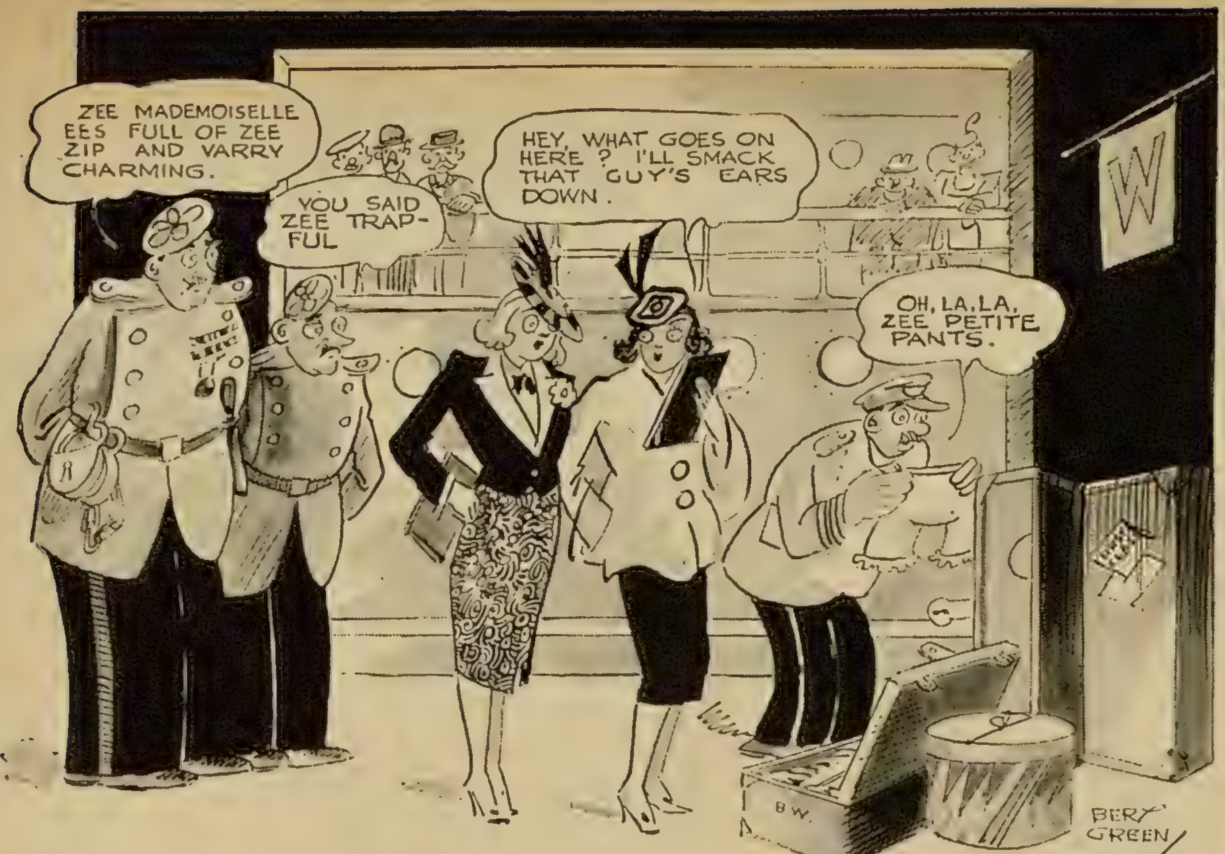
This steady ascendancy did not inflate the ego of any member of the Withers family. It wasn't until 1936 that Mr. Withers felt secure enough to give up his Atlanta job and move to Los Angeles to look after his daughter's interests. It wasn't until 1937 that they moved out of a modest apartment and bought a small white California farmhouse that Jane had personally discovered and admired. Here the very young set of Hollywood soon discovered it was welcome to drop in at the Witherses' at any time, to splash in the pool, to shout songs in the playroom, and to play in the yard with Jane's menagerie of pets.

But while all these things were adding up to help Jane toward a normal young girlhood, the decisive factor in her career was still the studio's knowledge that if one of her inexpensive productions flopped it wouldn't bankrupt any one. So, while Shirley was cast in the million-dollar all-color The Bluebird, which didn't advance her age at all but actually retarded it by putting her into pure fantasy, Jane was allowed to try a truly sub-deb role in the quickly made inexpensive High School.

Such casting may not seem revolutionary until you realize that by crossing over from childhood to young girlhood Jane managed what no other movie child has ever successfully achieved. She bridged the gap from preschool to high school without a period of retirement.

JANE will never rival Shirley in beauty. There is about her none of the Temple enchantment and little of Shirley's beguiling sweetness. Sturdy Miss Withers is composed of much humbler, more rugged stuff. Yet, despite this, today she stands an even chance of winning the battle between them, of being victorious over the secret forces that have sought to retard her. For she now has the most vital of fame weapons on her side. Time is with her. She may win for the simple reason that her future development can now be securely charted. Her managers can see where she can go from here. Thus her story becomes a victory of a little girl who refused to be cast down. Her own sturdy valiance and good will have carried her safe to maturity while the future of a much more naturally talented child is still hidden among the technicolor mists of The Bluebird and her own infancy.

THE END


ZEE MADEMOISELLE EES FULL OF ZEE ZIP AND VARRY CHARMING.
YOU SAID ZEE TRAP-FUL
HEY, WHAT GOES ON HERE? I'LL SMACK THAT GUY'S EARS DOWN.
W
OH, LA, LA, ZEE PETITE PANTS.
B.W.
BERT GREEN

THE GOLD RUSHERS

All ashore—en route for Paris, and how . . A mad merry-go-round whirls on

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

CAN you imagine a pair of American woiking girls making their day-boo to the land of naughty post cards and innocently getting involved with a troupe of smugglers? Well, that's the set-up, so grab yourself a pillow and prepare to yawn.

Instead of walking down the gangplank posing as two snooty society dames, we were escorted by two gendarmes and a federal dick. Don't you love it? As our baggage was being scrutinized by the lynx-eyed French customs, the gendarmes stood guard over us. Honestly, if we had copped the king's jewels or the queen's two-way stretch, we couldn't have been eyed closer.

And I wish you could have grabbed a peek at these two coppers. What wows! The taller of the two was a vandyked sheepish-looking gent with a pair of occult lamps that seemed to bore straight through you. He wore a pair of French pants that would conceal a tar bag and featured a silly blue-braided lid on his dome that looked like the top of a vanity box. On one side of his belt he had a little white club the size of a candle, and on the other was a pair of handcuffs that would tie the Normandie.

As for the other, he was a sad-eyed, loose-lipped bird with a diminutive sink brush beneath his pointed marquee. If we girls had been gowned in cellophane we couldn't have rated more attention.

Mr. Grosvenor, having gotten our baggage O. K.'d by the customs, took us by the arm and led us off the dock to a big shiny Renault. In the bow was a goofy-looking chauffeur with more livery than a field marshal. He had a cute face—a toss-up between umpy and Barney Google. Anyhoo, gendarme sat on each side of us Mr. Grosvenor sat opposite.

o Paree, sev vous play!" Gros- tells the chauffeur in the tongue guist.

"What!" exclaims Lenora. "Are we going to *Paris?*"

"We, we," says the head gendarme.

"Hot canine!" yells Lenora, waving her arms like a cheer leader. "I've been dying to see Paris all my life."

"*Certainement, mademoiselle,*" says the big chap, tapping her on the knee like he'd won her at bingo. "You shall see zee grand Paree, zee wonderful Paree—"

"From zee bars of zee bastille," cut in the other official with fifty pounds of ice on each syllable.

"Quit clowning, Frenchy," says my girl friend. "I can't wait to see Paris."

"Sure," says the big cop, making her a present of a smile, "I weel show you zee Louvre, zee Arc de Triomphe, zee Palais de Justice, zee Champs Elysées and—"

"Nuts to the Chumps de Lizzie!" pants Lenora. "We want to see the *hot spots.* The Folies Bergère, the Latin Quarter, the Sewers of Paris, the Pink Girdle, and the Dead Cat Café. We want a load of umph, wine, rhythm and swing. Get me?"

"Oo-la-la," laughs the big goof, pinching her cheek. "Zee mademoiselle ees full of zee hell and varry charming. *Comprenez-vous?*"

When we got to a little town beyond Chaumont, the tension between Mr. Grosvenor and me was getting very trying. I knew—or rather I felt—that he was scheming to free us gals from the gendarmes, but just how it was to be arranged was another problem. As we were exchanging anxious glances I broke the monotony of the ride by asking for a cigarette.

As Grosvenor handed one over, the gendarmes became gallant to the point of galore. One pulled out a lighter the size of a blowtorch and the other lit one of those smelly wax matches. Just as they reached over to light my cigarette, we hit a bump that felt like the Grand Canyon, and both coppers did a nip-up against the roof. As the car swerved to regain the road, I lost my balance and thrust the end of the cigarette between the downy cushions.

To make matters worse, Lenora lowers one of the windows and treats us to a little breeze at sixty miles per, which blew the wax match down the little guy's vest. The next thing I knew, he went into a terpsichorean routine that would floor the Russian Ballet. Not only that, but his shirt tail resembled the business end of a skyrocket.

As we drew to the side of the road the cushions and upholstery turned a rosy red and when the doors flew open the entire car burst into flames. What fun! A moment later the big officer had the little officer by the neck and was dunking him in a near-by pond. While this little tête-à-tête was going on, a speeding car shot by and Mr. Grosvenor flagged it through the smoke screen that hung over the landscape. As the car skidded to a stop, we rushed it. To our surprise, we found the occupants were none other than One-round Regan, his chauffeur, and the mysterious Lord Hindson.

"Well, if it ain't me little pal Beverly West," says Regan, opening the door.

As Lenora, Grosvenor, and I piled in I yelled, "Step on it!"

"What's up?" asks Regan as the car leaped ahead. "Are the dicks tailing you?"

"And how!" I gasped.

"In that case," cut in Lord Hindson, "we'll take the dirt road through Douvrez and elude them."

"What's the rap?" inquires Regan.

"They've heard," said Grosvenor—diplomatically trying to get a line on Regan's activities—"that we're smuggling plans into France for radio-controlled machine guns."

"So what?" laughed the other. "Why let a little thing like that throw you? Why not hook up with us on the arms-an'-ammunition-smugglin' racket? We're cleanin' up!"

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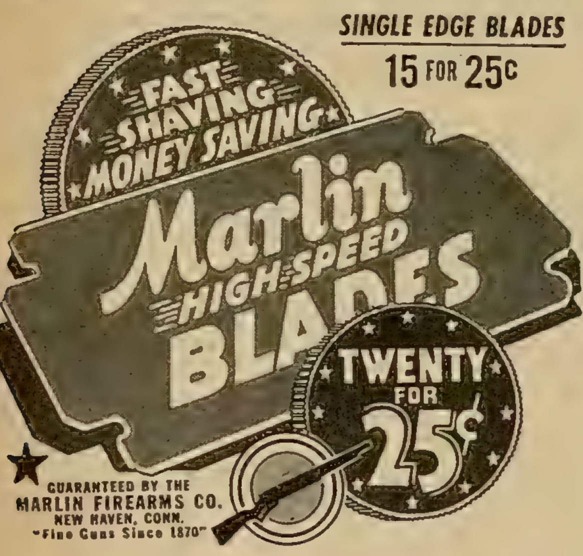

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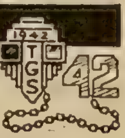

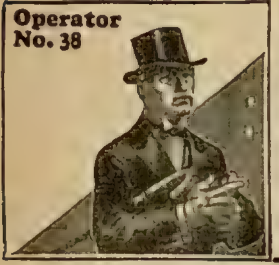

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"I would suggest, Mr. Regan," cut in Hindson warningly, "that you refrain from divulging our collusive and excursive vocations to these strangers."

"Strangers me eye!" barked the ex-prizefighter. "Me an' Miss West is old pals. She used to push cuticles in a hot-towel garage in Noo York when I was in the assault-an'-battery business."

"Listen," cut in Lenora. "I'm sick and tired of being involved in all this mysterious business. Had I known, Beverly, you were a smuggler or a secret-service agent, I would have stuck to my job in the five-and-ten. You've already disgraced me and separated me from the Count, and . . ."

"Don't be a wet blanket, Lenora," I said soothingly. "We're meeting the Count tonight. In Paris. At the San Jean Hotel."

When I mentioned the San Jean Hotel, Hindson squirmed like he was parked on an anthill.

"Thank heaven!" gasped Lenora. "My troubles will be *over.*"

As I was about to remind her her troubles had just *begun*, our car came to a screeching stop in a dark wooded area. In front of us was a long black car that blocked our path.

"What's this?" Grosvenor shouted to Hindson. At that moment I pitched forward and landed squarely in Mr. Grosvenor's lap with my arms around his neck. Honestly, girls, it was heaven while it lasted, but when the door of the car flew open, a large gat poked me in the ribs.

"Get 'em up!" barked a stocky man in broken English, wearing a beret and a batik scarf.

"Get 'em up!" repeated two other thugs as they shoved their roscoes through the opposite door. And get 'em up I did.

WITHOUT further preliminaries, we were forced from the car, and the most unconcerned guy was Hindson. While one of the gorillas kept Grosvenor, Lenora, Hindson, and me covered, the other two dragged Regan into the ditch and frisked him.

Regan's French chauffeur, seeing an opportunity to escape, tossed the car in gear, swerved around the blockade, and disappeared in the general direction of Paris.

Just then I'm almost sure I caught Hindson—even though his dukes were in the air—making signals to two beady eyes peering from under a half-drawn shade of the bandits' car. Yes, and if I wasn't afraid of being judged goofy, I'd say those eyes reminded me of the Count's.

While I was trying to dope out what to do next, the bandits, evidently satisfied with their loot, left the disheveled Regan in the ditch, barked a few tough commands at the rest of us, and backed toward their car.

With a shout of bravado, Hindson made a dash for it. "You can't do this to us!" he yelled. As he got beside the running board, four husky arms grabbed him and pulled him in. The motor roared, the car jumped ahead and left us high and dry.

"They've kidnaped Hindson!" Regan shouted, gaining his wits.

"That's what *you* think, you dumbbell," I says sarcastically, as Grosvenor eyed him suspiciously.

After checking our assets, we found the bandits had lifted just one sealed package the Count had entrusted to Regan for safe delivery at the San Jean Hotel in Paris.

On hearing this, Lenora shouted, "It was my wedding present!"

"Wedding present! Whata yell!" I laughed. "That's what a lot of his *other* dames thought."

Lenora let out a squawk and nearly folded.

Mr. Grosvenor, who had been trudging along beside me deep in thought, suddenly broke his silence. "Listen, Beverly," he whispered, taking my arm. "How did you discover the Count was stopping at the San Jean Hotel?"

On to Paris with the goofiest crew that ever landed on French soil! Meet them next week when they spring a surprise on the Count.

Before I could reply, a French farmer, driving an old Fiat market truck, rounded the lane behind us. As he approached, we stopped him. His noisy old jaloppy was filled with straw, and crates of grunting pigs, quacking geese, and crowing roosters assailed our ears.

"Hey, Frenchy, will you give us a lift to Paris?" Regan asked, flashing a dozen cigar coupons and a twenty-franc note.

The farmer sputtered something in French and Grosvenor parlez-voused with him. A few seconds later we were buried in straw en route to the French capital.

As we rumbled along, my boy friend asked me confidentially how I knew the Count was stopping at the San Jean Hotel.

"If I hadn't caught you perusing my room aboard the Elegantia," I said, "you wouldn't have to ask."

Suddenly Grosvenor astounded me by taking both my hands in his and looking straight into my eyes. "Tell me, dear," he said, "what did you mean by saying to Lenora, 'That's what a lot of his other dames thought'?"

All the satisfaction I gave him was, "Wait and see! It may interest you to know, Mr. Grosvenor, that *I* have made numerous appointments for the Count at his hotel."

"Numerous appointments? With whom?" he asked.

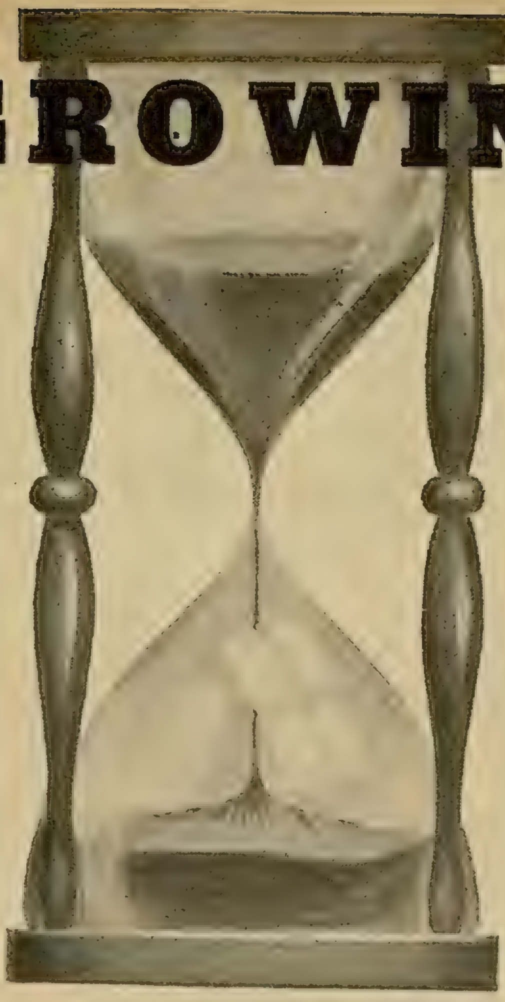
"With all his *ex-wives* and *sweethearts.*" I laughed. "Can you feature the *welcome* he's going to get when he arrives in Paris?"

"Yes." He hesitated. "But th welcome *we'll* give him will worse!" he chuckled.

Before I could reply, he took m his arms and kissed me.

THE END

I AM GROWING OLD



BY VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

Do you fear the march of time? Consider the happy case of one who doesn't!

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I SAY—please observe—that I am growing old. Not that I have grown old. For even as I write what reason tells me is true, I find it difficult to believe it.

Yet indubitable proofs force belief upon me: how can one pretend she is not growing old when she has one son with white hair, one with gray hair, and a third with, alas! disappearing hair? I remind myself fatuously that their father's hair began to turn when he was only twenty-five, for early white locks are a peculiarity of his family. But, at that, I cannot fool myself about my children's ages when my oldest son announces shamelessly in print that he has passed his forty-eighth birthday, and when I remember that my oldest grandchild has celebrated his twentieth. Can I, under those circumstances, pretend even to myself that the terrible milestone that has been called the Scriptural limit of man's age is a thing of the future?

I wonder, incidentally, if that statement of Holy Writ has not done something toward darkening old people's days. It is not cheering to be reminded that if one, by reason of strength, passes the threescore-and-ten limit he will find his years labor and sorrow and will soon be cut off and fly away.

Personally, I refuse to admit it. The only "flying away" that I consider as imminent in my case is in an airplane. I have tried that and like it. But I came back. As to years being "labor and sorrow"—why, they just aren't, that's all.

In spite of which, I *am* growing old, according to usual standards. Having the most tactful and best sons in the world, they never remind me of my age. So, for several years, I did not understand why people were nicer to me than ever before. Subconsciously, I may have flattered myself that I was becoming more agreeable, more interesting. I even got to the point one day of looking in the mirror to see if I was so much better-looking than when I was younger, that people seemed to be attracted to me more than they used to be. What I saw disillusioned me completely. I mused for a while on certain other things about myself, all of which convinced me that the increasing kindness of which I am aware is not due to any inward and spiritual grace that has developed with my years.

Then the awful truth burst upon me. Boys and girls, men and women younger than I were so courteous to me, so kind to me, so attentive to me, because from childhood they had been taught deference to age: and when a person has once seen the Scriptural milepost she is considered old enough to receive respect.

It was right after this revelation that a woman uttered an involuntary exclamation when I spoke of having returned recently from a drive through New England.

"You mean," she gasped, "that you—that *you* — drive your own car?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Why not?"

"I—I—was only wondering—I did not know that you did," she stammered.

She might just as well have added, "at *your age!*" Her expression screamed the sentence she was too polite to speak.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I do—even yet. I began to drive a car in 1912, and have continued to do so steadily since then—so I am used to it."

She tried to smile. But I fancy she thought I was a bit crazy.

Perhaps I am. Perhaps my failure to realize, away down inside of me, that I am growing old is a proof of the onslaught of senility. If so, it is just too bad. For, as senility and obstinacy are supposed to increase with years, I expect to continue to keep right on doing the things I have always done.

Why not?

I do not mean things that pertain especially to youth and occasionally to middle age—such as skating, skiing, dancing all night, dressing like a young girl, thus making oneself ridiculous. But, if one does not feel old, why act as if one did?

For instance, I enjoy young people more than ever. I enjoy going to interesting places, meeting new people, seeing new sights, hearing new things. I get as big a thrill out of a good play as I did when I was eighteen. Moreover, why should I not drive a car, walk as many miles as I wish, run upstairs when in a hurry, take my daily dozen every morning just as I have done for a half century? It may sound silly to talk about doing those things; but one need not stop doing them.

Fifteen years ago a specialist said to me, "You are approaching the age when you will have to look out for your heart. Don't you get out of breath when you run fast up the subway stairs?"

"Surely," I replied. "So do most people."

"You are taking your life in your hands when you overexert," he warned. "You are no longer young, you know."

In spite of which, I have continued to run upstairs when in a hurry, and have never been a bit the worse.

I have a suspicion that one reason I do not feel my age is that my powers of locomotion are as good as ever. I once heard the blunt assertion that "a woman is as old as her legs." If that is true, then I am lucky. For—even as I write I rap on wood—I am not conscious that these useful physical servants are less able to carry about the burden of my body than they were when my face was still youthful. I have been moved to wonder if the members of my family and of my generation who have more and better brains than I have, but not as active legs, get more fun out of their brains than I do out of my legs.

Still, with the feeble intellect that I do possess I have learned certain things. One of these is not to concentrate on the Scriptural milepost.

"Don't you hate growing old?" some one asked.

What's the use of hating what can't be helped?

Yet—one can forget it.

One must forget it if one has a lot to do. Sometime, when I have read all the books I want to read, seen all the things I want to see, gone to all the places I want to go to, and talked

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with all the interesting folk whom I know or hope to know, I may have time to sit down and think how old I am.

I am discovering constantly that age has its compensations. It lets one out of a number of possibly uncomfortable situations.

"Twenty years from now, what are we going to do about so-and-so?" some one demands rhetorically.

I'm not going to be doing anything about it, I say comfortably to myself. Having only a little way to go does simplify many of one's problems.

It also clarifies one's vision. For one has learned from experience how few things—except heartaches—are worth worrying about. One learns, after all, that one can laugh at most occurrences if one possesses a sense of humor. Age must hold fast to its sense of humor—even to the extent of laughing at itself.

Another thing I have learned is that one of the pitfalls of age that should be avoided is a censorious attitude toward one's juniors. I am not here to set the world—or youngsters—right. I could not if I would—and, after all, I am not sure that in many things they are not more nearly right than I am. Somehow I cannot get all wrought up over the things that my contemporaries deplore in their juniors. Sometimes I am uncharitable enough to wonder if a subconscious and retroactive envy is not at the root of some of that criticism, a smothered regret at having missed in the past certain opportunities that these youngsters have. For there is a subtle thrill in having had the chance to do things, even if one's principles would move one to reject them. I am glad I have not a reformer's conscience—since I am lacking in intelligence with which to work it effectually. I would only make myself unpopular with my young associates, and then they would stop caring to be my associates. In which case something very delightful would pass out of my life.

Another thing I have learned, or am trying to learn while growing old, is that with increasing age one must be more and more careful of her manners. For while we who are growing old may criticize the behavior of our children and grandchildren, we sometimes give them just cause to criticize our behavior.

"What difference does it make?" one grandmother argued with me when we were discussing this subject. "At our age we might surely do as we please!"

I disagree entirely. At no age can one do as she pleases—and get away with it. We who are growing old should be no exception to this rule. If at fifty one felt it her duty to observe small courtesies, why not at seventy?

"Honestly," I heard one friend ask another, "aren't you sorry you are so old?"

I asked myself that question afterward, and tried then, and am now trying, to answer it truthfully.

And my answer again is, no. I cannot speak for others of my age. When one has ill health, is helpless, physically dependent, the answer could not perhaps be the same as mine. Yet even those thus afflicted may find—and do find—many interesting things in life. Why should we shrink from milestone threescore and ten just because it connotes white hair, wrinkles, the loss of physical attractiveness, if one keeps and appreciates friends, books, music, and the unspeakable goodness of human nature?

I MEAN that; for, decry it as we may, and admitting the greed, cupidity, and evil of many sorts in the world, any one with insight as well as sight must at times be almost overwhelmed with the appreciation of human goodness. Perhaps one has to be seventy to see it clearly.

"And yet," a dear person said to me timidly, as if afraid to inject into my mind a dreadful idea, "as one grows old, one must appreciate that—in the course of nature—she will—" She paused, hesitated to voice her thought. I spoke it for her.

"That before many years one will die?" I suggested. "What of it?"

"Doesn't it—frighten one?"

Once more I answered in the negative. Yet I doubt if she believed me.

Perhaps she, at forty-five, could not understand that one may reach the point where she is not afraid to do that which all who have gone before her have done and which all who come after her will do.

I am still here. In spite of sorrows such as few escape, I can, when I let myself look back, smile at sweet memories. I can, here and now, smile at the present—even if occasionally I squirm at some things that could be improved. As to the future—I am taking it on trust. If people think it will be eternal sleep—why, going to sleep is one of the happiest of sensations. If there is to be an awaking—why be afraid of waking up in the morning?

All of which may be just another proof that I am growing old. Perhaps I have already grown old—but if I do not suspect it, it makes little difference. And if, at last, I do appreciate it, there will always be something interesting just ahead. There always has been. And I shall not mind trying it.

At least—I do not think I shall.

THE END

NO GENTLEMAN

. . . coughs in public. Smith Bros. Cough Drops relieve coughs due to colds—pleasantly. Two kinds:—Black or Menthol, only 5¢.

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READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Court OF MENDED HEARTS

Children first!—A famous veteran of the bench tells of something new in the scales of Justice

BY BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge of the Children's Court of Conciliation, Los Angeles, California

This informal talk with Judge Lindsey may save a marriage and a child's home.

FOR forty years I've been fighting for a square deal for youngsters . . . through the juvenile courts, the divorce courts, and against injustice, misunderstanding, and personal vilification by the bigoted and the biased. Now, in California, I have won another battle: The Children's Court of Conciliation has become a legal reality.

Into it, an integral part of the Los Angeles Superior Court, are pouring parents sprawled in marital mire: fathers determined to break up their homes, mothers who demand "old freedom" where old freedom can never be. Out of it go many, hand in hand, reunited and convinced of a living hope. I know—because I sit in that court. Its job is to prevent divorce. It's the state's graveyard for hate.

Never before has such a court existed with full authority from a legislature to prevent the filing of a divorce case until an effort is first made to reconcile the spouses. I wrote the law under which it was born; I did it to save the American home. Divorce is ripping it to shreds.

Look at Los Angeles County, for instance. In it, according to the official annual report of the county clerk, there were 14,084 Domestic Relations actions filed in our Superior Court for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1939. Of this number 12,382 were for divorce and 1,572 for annulment or separate maintenance. Court officials have estimated that more than 20,000 youngsters are involved in this tragic annual home-breaking orgy.

Records prove that children from broken homes are five times more likely to become tangled up with the juvenile court than are youngsters reared in normal surroundings; they have but one fifth the chance to negotiate eventually successful marriages of their own.

Still, if running figures are a basis for conclusion, the Children's Court of Conciliation system is going to slash divorce. In its first six weeks of action under the new law my court received 500 appeals for help, heard more than 100 actual cases, and solved 75 per cent satisfactorily so that home was preserved for children.

How does the Children's Court operate?

In the first place, its work is quite different from that of any other existing court; it deals with potential divorce cases and filed divorce cases where children are involved. That is why this court is called a Children's Court. Its job is to protect a child's rights to his father and mother in a harmonious home.

The Children's Court of Conciliation came quietly and simply into the picture because, under the law, every child has three parents. He has a father, a mother . . . and the state, a third parent that tells you when your child must go to school and when he must not go to work.

If you decide to break up your home and it shelters a child, the state demands to be present. That presence is now assured through the jurisdiction of the court when your divorce action is threatened or, if the case is filed, when it is heard.

Clothed in its authority as the "big papa," the State of California has chosen to sit in a new department of its Superior Court and make available to all restless fathers and mothers the wisdom upon which it can draw and its ironclad power under the statutes. It seeks, first of all, to protect its children.

You may start out by ignoring the Children's Court of Conciliation if you want to; that is, you may go right ahead and file a divorce petition in the same old way. If you do—and if you have a youngster—you will find yourself remanded to the Children's Court of Conciliation to settle childhood's problems and protect children's rights before you go ahead with your case. That's the law now.

There's a new and better way, though, to handle your divorce problem, and it need not cost you a dime.

Either party anticipating a divorce, where youngsters are involved, may come to the Children's Court of Conciliation and file a predivorce notice. Automatically all actual divorce petitioning is suspended for thirty days.

Why?

Any judge who hears divorce cases will tell you that most of them are filed under stress, through vindictive emotion, in a flash of hate. In thirty days much can happen that may ameliorate your difficulties.

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PISO'S soothes your throat and then . . .
Stimulates your system to produce more protective secretions in your throat and upper bronchial tubes . . .
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YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—
You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.
Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable,* are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and non-systemic and non-organic Kidney and Bladder troubles may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. In many such cases the diuretic action of the Doctor's prescription Cystex helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of Cystex may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try Cystex under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes,* but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.
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Your case, through your notice of intention to block a divorce action or, if one is filed, to contest it, will be calendared for immediate conference in the newly formed Children's Court. There will be no fanfare about it. This court hasn't even got a bench!

It's more like a physician's office with a skilled receptionist, a director of conciliation, and a judge without benefit of bailiff. The idea behind this court is that you will be free to "take down your hair" and lay all your troubles on the table. This court wants to preserve your home for you if there is any possible way to do it. If it can't, it's going to tell you what must happen to your children.

AT such time your case is not one of "Jones vs. Jones." Instead, under the children's law, it's "The People of the State of California—for the best interest and protection of the children whose welfare may be affected by the controversy between the spouses, and concerning the spouses, or any other person who is contributing to the disruption of the home, as respondents."

You may bring lawyers, all witnesses, all documents, all related data that you want. You would do as well if you came quietly by yourself. That is the way 90 per cent of the cases come.

It isn't necessary that the other respondent be with you. He, or she, can be called later; probably to a private conference and then into another with you. There are two sides to every plea for a divorce. Each has a right to speak; each has the right of mutual conference with the director of conciliation or with the judge or his aides. The director, of course, is a "referee" for the court whose findings must be approved by the judge.

During all conferences you will sit at a table. You may smoke cigarettes if you want to; you may chew gum. The court wants you to "feel at home," to have absolute ease and absolute freedom. Only under such conditions will truth be easily exposed.

I take my lunch to court—a few graham crackers, dates, and milk. Often I sit at my table and share lunch with a couple of children while mothers unburden their grief. The Children's Court of Conciliation is just as informal as that!

It calls upon psychiatrists, psychologists, and clergymen; upon endocrinologists, physicians, and social-service experts. It seeks aid from all competent sources that can help keep homes intact.

What you say in the Children's Court can't be used for you or against you if your case finally goes to the divorce dockets. The court will demand to protect only children's rights if your own problems can't be unsnarled. It is run with the sanctity of a confessional; within that realm will it forever be kept.

A month ago a woman came into my court. She was going to have a child. She told me that her husband was going to quit her because she, without his knowledge, had been dealing with loan sharks. He had just landed the first job he had had for months. And now his first salary check was going to be garnisheed because of her. He was mad. He had bolted out of the house "to see his lawyer to get a divorce."

"I told him I got the money for an abortion; he had scolded because we couldn't afford this baby," she confessed. "But I lost my nerve. I want my baby. I spent the money for something else and he knows I told him a lie."

There's an actual problem in the Children's Court of Conciliation. The first thing I did was get the names of the loan companies that had, without her husband's knowledge, accepted her signature on notes, two for fifteen dollars each and another for twenty-five. To each I made a telephone call and asked for a full statement of this woman's account.

My last call was to the husband's new boss. To him I explained the functions of the Children's Court and told him it never could succeed without co-operation from business. He sent the husband immediately to my court in a private car.

In forty-five minutes the whole problem was ironed out. He, too, wanted the baby, and he was glad he had a job and that the loan companies had relented. This couple visited me yesterday, still reconciled, happy, and grateful.

There will be no divorce.

THERE'S another phase to this court, too, that you should know about. It saves the state's money. The cost to the taxpayers of a contested divorce case in the courts of Los Angeles County is estimated as high as $250 a day. Frequently a case in which matters of alimony and the custody of children are involved is before the court a week or more.

Suppose the same case had passed through the Children's Court of Conciliation and assume that efforts at reconciliation had failed. The support and alimony matters would have been cared for and the affairs of the youngsters definitely and amicably settled through stipulation in a short conference around my table.

Now you have a picture of what the new Children's Court is. It's a court of peace, while the Domestic Relations Department is a court of endless wars. We have here a court of friendliness effecting many conciliations. Where that fails, we still settle amicably the disputed issues in one tenth the usual time. Thus we avoid hate and bitterness. Next to a reconciliation, that is the big gain for parents and children.

The main factor is that the Children's Court of Conciliation is here to preserve the American home for its children. In California, in divorce cases, the child comes first.

THE END

FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

WIN A CASH PRIZE!

$2,000

STARGAZING CONTEST

YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN!

WHY not search the stars for a cash fortune—extra dollars with which to buy the things you've always wanted but which somehow always seem just too much for the regular budget? It's easy to win. Just take the letters from the stars in the drawings and use them to form the names of the stars of the microphone or screen. Everything you need in order to start a winning entry is right before you. Why not try for some of the prize money? After you have solved this week's two names, if this is your first entrance into the game, you will need to make up the lost ground in order to be even with the field. Here's how to do it:

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Liberty has prepared reprints of the first ten drawings of this series. Address your request as directed in Rule 6 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. Your order will be filled in ample time to allow you to bring your story up to date. Hold all solutions until the end of the contest.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

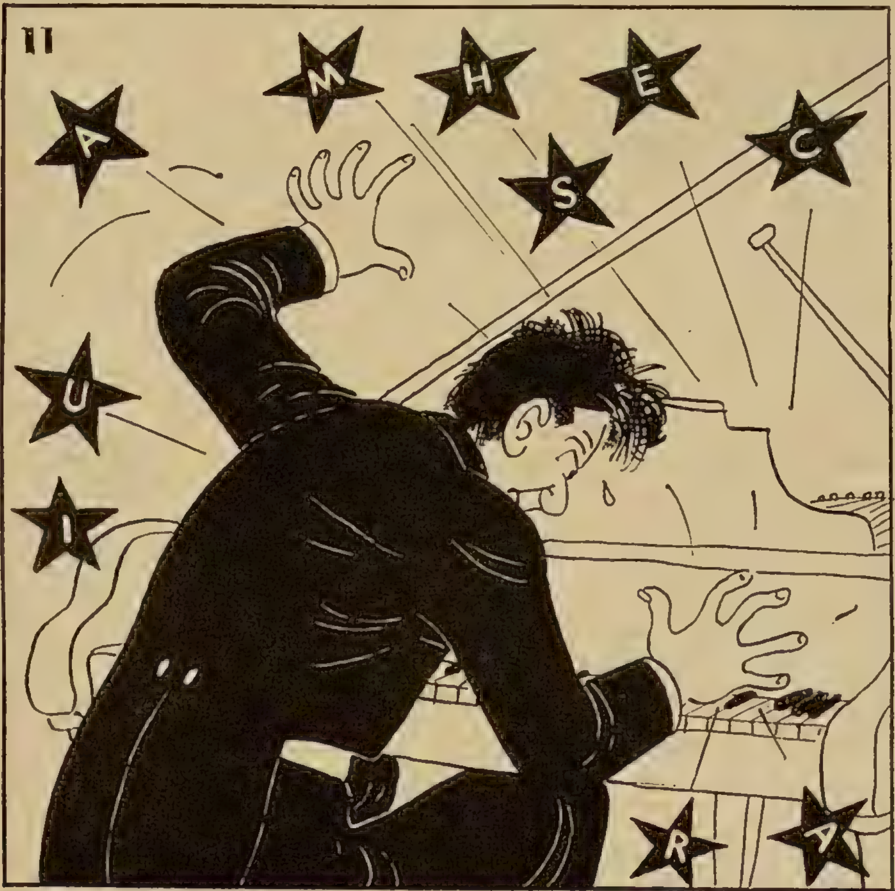
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.

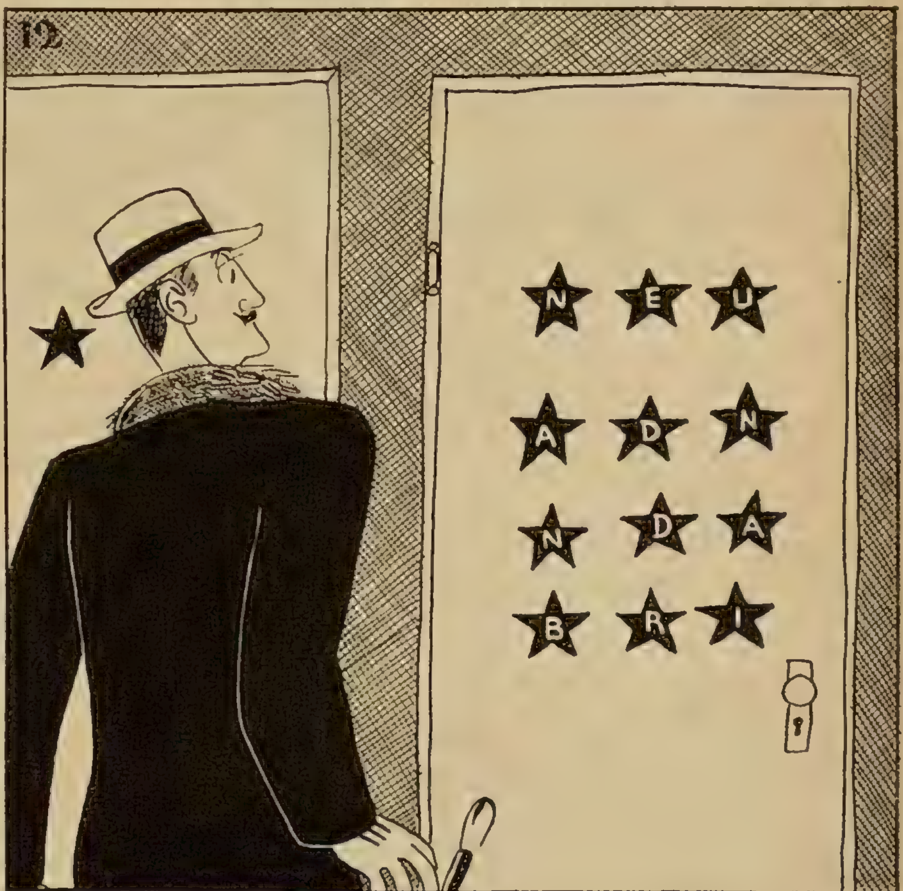
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME ....



NAME ....

Mr. Laughton Lives a Nightmare

Reviving a classic for a younger generation, 1940's Hunchback of Notre Dame hits a new high in horror

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

THE PLAYERS: Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, Maureen O'Hara, Edmond O'Brien, Alan Marshal, Walter Hampden, Katharine Alexander, Harry Davenport, George Zucco, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, Helene Whitney, Minna Gombell, Arthur Hohl, George Tobias, Rod La Rocque, Spencer Charters. Screen play by Sonya Levien, adaptation by Bruno Frank, based on Victor Hugo's novel. Directed by William Dieterle. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 117 minutes.

NOT many of the present movie generation remember Lon Chaney as Quasimodo, the hunchback who lived in the cathedral shadows and rang the great bells of Victor Hugo's Notre Dame. Chaney's awesome make-up is forgotten. So Charles Laughton's appearance as the hunchback will stagger the new movie generation. And the make-up is super-repulsive, to put it mildly. One whole side of Quasimodo's face seems hideously out of shape, with an eye where an eye certainly shouldn't be. It's something of which nightmares are made.

Paris in 1482 was a town of pageantry and squalor, silks and filth. The yarn touches the ultimate in sadistic cruelty when Quasimodo is stripped and given fifty lashes in the public square, then chained, half-unconscious, in a revolving pillory. There is no soft-pedaling, for the camera swings from bloody lash to the whimpering, imbecilic near-face of the hunchback, on to the crowds licking their jeering lips. You need a strong stomach and a steady nerve to observe these simple pleasures of the fifteenth century.

Edmond O'Brien and Maureen O'Hara in the new version of the horror thriller The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

Monsieur Hugo's story has been changed for movie purposes. Frollo, now high justice of Louis XI, still falls madly in love with a gypsy girl, Esmeralda. She loves a dashing captain, but Frollo kills him. Blame is placed on the girl and, after a few refined tortures, she is condemned to death by hanging. But the hunchback steals her from the gibbet and carries her to sanctuary in the cathedral. The thieves and beggars of Paris' Court of Miracles are aroused to save her, but Hugo saw to it that she died on the scaffold in spite of all Quasimodo could do. The film solves things differently—and more pleasantly.

The picture depends for its punch upon the general awfulness of Mr. Laughton's fat twisted hunchback. This has a Welsh-rabbit-hangover-at-midnight flavor, although there is a certain disillusionment in the British accent of Mr. Laughton's few labored, stuttering phrases.

Maureen O'Hara is a pretty Esmeralda; Sir Cedric Hardwicke is intense and sinister as Frollo; a newcomer, Edmond O'Brien, steals a real hit as the gypsy's poet lover among the thieves of Paris, a sort of juvenile François Villon.

Distinctly not for the kiddies or the oversensitive.

VITAL STATISTICS: Charles Laughton's make-up was kept a secret during the months of production. Created by Perc Westmore, it cost $6,000 before production started. After that, only an assistant was needed to apply it. Where Lon Chaney's make-up weighed forty pounds, this ran only to six. A sponge rubber left cheek and eyepiece was applied to Laughton's face. It covered his real eye, presented a distorted, grimacing physiognomy with a false eye far out of position. This false eye was arranged so that it could open, shut, wink. The false half-face could move and twitch. This make-up required two and a half hours a day to don, thirty minutes to remove. The hump on Laughton's back, made of a light rubber composition, weighed but four pounds. . . . Notre Dame and other Paris structures were built on five acres of the ranch. It took 300 carpenters and 250 modelers, casters, and plasterers eight weeks to build the set. This item ran to $250,000 . . . Before the film's start, beggar costumes were given a special tattering, spread on workbenches and attacked with can openers, sandpaper, and boards pierced with sharp nails.

★ ★½ RAFFLES

THE PLAYERS: David Niven, Olivia de Havilland, Dame May Whitty, Dudley Digges, Douglas Walton, Lionel Pape, E. E. Clive, Peter Godfrey, Margaret Seddon, Gilbert Emery, Hilda Plowright, Vesey O'Davoren, George Cathrey, Keith Hitchcock. Screen play by John Van Druten and Sidney Howard, based on E. W. Hornung's stories. Directed by Sam Wood. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 71 minutes.

RAFFLES belongs to another era. When E. W. Hornung created the debonair gentleman crook, back at the turn of the century, our standards were different. The novelist did not have to worry about the morality of the kiddie moviegoer. The thin shadow of Will Hays did not lay heavy upon literature and the drama. Thus the amateur cracksman gave a vicarious thrill to mature audiences in the good old pre-practically-everything days.

Some of the gay abandon has been taken from Raffles' thievery. He still is a dashing fellow, England's idol on the cricket field, who steals for the sport of the thing, leaves taunting messages for Scotland Yard, runs into difficulties when he appropriates Lady Melrose's emerald necklace in order to help his pretty sweetheart's gambling younger brother. Moral alibis are liberally sprinkled about.

Here David Niven does the suave and dapper Raffles amusingly enough but he lacks the charm of the experienced light comedian to really lift the gentleman thief into real interest. Best of the cast is Dudley Digges as the heavy-footed but dogged Scotland Yard operative.

VITAL STATISTICS: This has been done four times in films. A 1,000-foot version back in 1905, John Barrymore as the cracksman in 1917, House Peters in 1925, Ronnie Colman in 1930. Kay Francis was opposite Ronald in this, one of the first all-talkies. . . . Olivia de Havilland walked away with one of the hits of Gone with the Wind. She first was prominently cast as Hermia in Warners' (and also Bill Shakespeare's) Midsummer Night's Dream. She stood out in Anthony Adverse, Robin Hood, and Dodge City. A mid-Victorian at heart, for she doesn't smoke, cocktail, or swear, loves sketching and needlework. Just a pretty paragon. . . . Director Sam Wood was selling real estate in the old days when Hollywood was just a thought. Called on Cecil De Mille, got interested, went to work for him as an assistant. . . . Sam Goldwyn took great pains to get the cricket scenes accurate. David Niven, being British, really plays a jolly game and all that sort of thing. . . . Paul Widlicska, Goldwyn's magician of special effects, has some six ways of producing a synthetic fog. It was a terrible blow when they didn't use a single one in Raffles. . . . Douglas Walton, who plays Olivia's brother, has a collection of walking sticks. Canes to you. Collected 'em in every part of the globe. . . . Lionel Pape, who does Lord Melrose, is a pipe collector.

THE TURNTABLE

A review of the outstanding recent phonographic recordings

BY HILLON DALE

CLASSICAL

★ ★ ★ ★ MOZART: *Symphony No. 36 ("Linz"), C Major.* London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia Album M-387). Stirring performance of this symphony by great orchestra. A valuable addition to any record library.

★ ★ ★ ★ ROSSINI: *Overture to William Tell.* NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini (Victor Album M-605). Exceptionally fine treatment of popular overture. Mr. Toscanini, conducting as only he can, makes it fresh and vital.

★ ★ ★ *Lily Pons in Song.* With orchestra conducted by André Kostelanetz (Victor Album M-599). Miss Pons' voice excellently recorded. Renditions of Villanelle and Strauss' Blue Danube Waltz particularly brilliant.

★ ★ ★ GRIFFES: *The White Peacock.* Howard Barlow conducting the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra (Columbia 17140D). Shimmering beauty of modern composition captured by Mr. Barlow with this orchestra.

POPULAR

★ ★ ★½ *Scatterbrain.* Benny Goodman's Orchestra (Columbia 35241). The Goodman clarinet high-lighting an excellent arrangement . . . crisp ensemble work . . . good Louise Tobin vocal.

★ ★ ★½ *Last Night.* Sung by Dinah Shore with orchestra (Bluebird 10473). Exceptionally good new voice from radio. Her control and pure tone also appear on reverse in *I Thought About You.*

★ ★ ★ *Lilacs in the Rain.* Hal Kemp's Orchestra (Victor 26385). Typically smooth Kemp recording . . . band's restraint and tonal balance stand out . . . Nann Wynn vocal.

★ ★ ★ *South of the Border.* Horace Heidt's Orchestra (Columbia 35253). Polished playing by orchestra . . . excellent background for Larry Cotton's singing.

★ ★ ★ *My Prayer.* Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra (Decca 2810). Effective atmosphere . . . organlike chords accompany Bob Eberly's fine vocal. *You're the Greatest Discovery,* on reverse, shows band's versatility.

★ ★ ★ *Ciribiribin.* Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters (Decca 2800). Spontaneous novelty number . . . Bing takes the honors. *Yodelin' Jive,* on other side, amusing.

SWING

★ ★ ★½ *Ec-Stacy.* Piano solo by Jess Stacy (Commodore Music Shop, New York City, 1503). Delicate, slow blues by one of swing's top pianists. *The Sell-Out,* on reverse, more rhythmic.

★ ★ ★½ *Royal Garden Blues.* John Kirby's Orchestra (Vocalion 5187). Superlative performance . . . exciting solos from Shaver's trumpet and Kyle's piano. *Blue Skies,* on reverse, also good.

★ ★ ★ *Hot Mallets.* Lionel Hampton's Orchestra (Victor 26371). Marvelous vibraharp solo. This all-star group really swings. The other side, at a medium tempo, worth-while too.

"Belles on his fingers and belles on his toes,
Because he hands out LIFE SAVERS wherever he goes."
Try the new yummy BUTTER-RUM flavor.

"The weak point about many a Don Juan is his strong breath. Keep yours fresh and mild with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS."

"I'm a sane girl, but I'm certainly *crazy* about BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS. They're buttery . . . rummy . . . wonderful!"

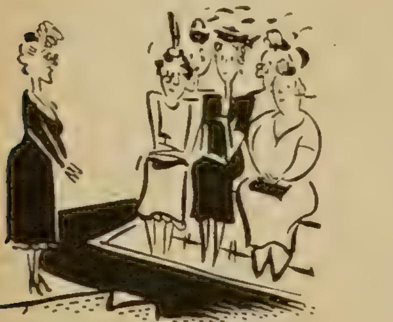
BUTTER RUM
LIFE SAVERS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

MOTHER'S WARNING ON "SERUM SICKNESS"

CLEVELAND, OHIO—In Mr. Macfadden's article on going to sleep while driving (December 23 Liberty), I noticed he said he refused the usual serum administered in accidents. He was very fortunate to be *able* to refuse. I have just pulled my second son through a case of what doctors call "serum sickness," and I am so worried I am almost at a point of collapse.

Eight years ago my older boy went through the same thing and we almost lost him, so I beg Mr. Macfadden on my knees to warn other mothers in an article to have their children tested to see if they can take serum, before they allow them to become human guinea pigs.



Serum is all right if administered by people who know what they are doing; but I think they are few and far between, because this is twice now my boys have practically been a tick between life and death, and we have been told by several reputable physicians that the next time they take it, it may kill them.

Once, without our consent or even testing our older boy, an interne shot him full of the lockjaw serum. This was at noon. That night at six I was alone in the house with him, when he had a severe heart attack and complete collapse. I had never seen anything like it, but I took a chance on hot blankets and a coffee enema, and I rubbed him with the desperation that only fright and a mother's insane love can produce, and I finally got him conscious. He began to run downhill from then on, from a big husky boy to a sick one with very bad color, and has had bad health ever since. Actually, he has lost fifty pounds in the last three years.

This promiscuous giving of serum must be stopped—at least, by persons who are not fitted to give it. No nurse worth her salt will give a child serum without a drop in the eye to test whether he *can* take it or not.

Will you please publish the treatment necessary to save a child's life from a wrong dose of serum till the doctor gets there? Bed at once. Clothes off. Rub the child under blankets just the same as for other cases of shock. Ephedrine, that any one can purchase at the drugstore. Digitalein if the heart is acting up. (It will be too fast and very weak in most cases, provided it doesn't quit entirely, the way my older boy's did.) Have some spirits of ammonia around or something like it. And you may need a hypo and adrenalin!

If my boys go to sleep at the wheel the way Mr. Macfadden did, it's going to be just too bad! Perhaps they won't be as fortunate as he was to be *able to refuse serum*. Ten chances to one they'll be unconscious and be shot full of lockjaw serum, and the chart will say, "Died of shock." What it really should say is, "Murdered by serum"! —*Mrs. S. E. W.*

LOVES SPINACH
3RD TERM
SMOKE SCREEN
TOP-HEAVY DESTROYER DAY, DEC. 7, 1939
W.K.

Walter Karig, Liberty's representative, putting finishing touches to his cartoon presented to President Roosevelt at Press Club dinner.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SAYS FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

STAGE 10, RKO, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have just read Evelyn Edwards and Fay Mitchell's charming story, Good-by for Now. (November 4 Liberty.) It was interesting to read Tommy's impressions of an English school, having once attended one myself. I thought about the whole story for some time after the very unexpected ending. I suppose that when I go back I shall find it as strange as he did to hear every one "talking like Freddie Bartholomew."

Wouldn't it be a good idea if our authors could be persuaded to continue Tommy's wartime experiences? It would help me and I am sure lots of other boys here to realize how lucky we are to be in America now.—*Freddie Bartholomew.*

THE SUBJECT IS DROPPED

RENO, NEV.—How did this Episcopal Church argument ever get into Vox Pop in the first place? Let us chide the protagonists gently and then drop the subject. For in America, where religious freedom is a sacred right, it is enough that the Episcopal Church—or any other church—did have a beginning. By the merits of its works alone will it stand or fall.

Those whose convictions are firmly founded in faith will not be shaken by argument alone; for the rest there can only be confusion. And so, let us have peace. — *Henry Ranport.*

[We think Mr. Ranport's suggestion a wise one, for we are being bombarded with arguments pro and con on this subject and we would have to have ten times our space to accommodate all the combatants.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

MAJORITY VOTE, IT IS NOW

MANDAN, N. D.—B. A. Hompe corrects your Twenty Questions Editor (December 23 Vox Pop) and says it takes a two-thirds majority to nominate a President in a Democratic Convention. Did not the last National Democratic Convention change that rule so that a majority vote now nominates? Ask Farley.—*Demos.*

PAYS 14% ON PENSION CHECK

ORANGE BEACH, ALA. — I was wondering if it would be possible to get Mr. Macfadden more or less interested in a worthy cause.

The complaint at hand is concerning the international bankers and their tendency to acquire cash out of the present European war. I imagine it is but human to wish to acquire gain at the other fellow's loss, but in this case something should be done.

A lot of people may not realize it, but it's a fact that there are thousands of disabled British war veterans in the United States who are paying 14 per cent exchange on their small pension checks, which works a genuine hardship on them. For example, I have to pay the bank $5.50 to cash a $37.50 check issued by the British Ministry of Pensions.

And disabled American veterans who live in Canada or in other parts of the British Empire are compelled to pay a like amount to cash their checks. Which of course, in a sense, is only fair, yet it entails millions of dollars which, to my way of thinking, could be prevented merely by having the various governments concerned exempt pension checks from the prevailing exchange rates on commercial paper.—*Edwin M. Glaze.*

WON'T WASH FOR UPTON!

PASADENA, CALIF. — Apropos my contribution on the subject of Ham and Eggs in California, it occurs to me that your readers may be interested to see how some of the people out here feel about it. The enclosed is a note which came to me this morning.—*Upton Sinclair.*

[*Enclosure*]

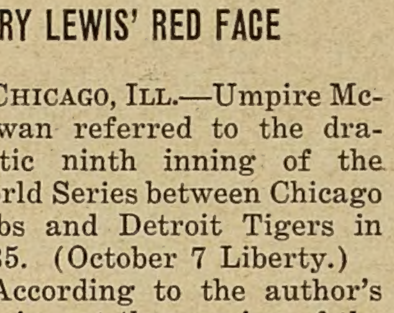
Mr. Sinclair, I don't care to do your Laundry any more after hearing you talk against Ham & Eggs.—*Mrs. P.*

JERRY LEWIS' RED FACE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Umpire McGowan referred to the dramatic ninth inning of the World Series between Chicago Cubs and Detroit Tigers in 1935. (October 7 Liberty.)

According to the author's version, at the opening of the Cub half of the ninth, Hack, first man to face Tommy Bridges, tripled over the head of Jo-Jo White, Detroit center fielder.

I have before me the score I kept at that game in Detroit, and according to the line-up, Gerald Walker was the center fielder for Detroit throughout the entire game. Further, I seem to remember that when that hit went over the head of Walker, I made the remark, "It would not have been a hit if White had been playing," as he was considered a better fielder than Walker.



Is my record incorrect? I have saved this scorecard as a souvenir of the most dramatic moment in baseball history (to me) and would dislike to believe I was so excited I couldn't even record the proper or correct line-up.—*W. G. Bishop.*

[My face is properly red. Mr. Bishop is right and Bill McGowan and I were wrong. The error was one of carelessness. Jo-Jo White played center field for the Tigers in every game of the 1935 World Series but the one to which we referred.

Writing the story from memory and not from the records, both McGowan and I remembered White as the center fielder and forgot Mickey Cochrane's last-game switch.

Thanks to Mr. Bishop for his needed correction.—*Jerry D. Lewis.*]

WHERE IS ALTRUISM?

TAMPA, FLA.—Liberty editorials are splendid, but I'd like to see one entitled something like this:

"What has become of altruism? All former altruistic occupations, like medicine, nursing, and schoolteaching, are commercialized. It looks as if the Boy Scouts are the only ones who keep altruism alive."—*Ernest Berger.*

AIR WAVES AND KISSES

HARRISBURG, PA.—So Germany's Red Baron waved to Bishop? (December 23 Liberty.) It's a wonder he didn't get out on the wing and throw kisses. Haw-haw, Liberty, cut it out—youse is killin' me.

When the author, Alan Hynd, was born, Mother Nature must have had an embargo on brains. — *Everett Troup.*

UNBALANCED?

JENA, LA.—Note in the daily press that F. D. R. offered Taft a handsome prize for balancing the national budget in two years.

See what kind of offer you can get for the following, and we'll split it: Let the government take over all slot and pin-ball machines.

Guarantee the budget will be balanced and we can also have the largest standing army and navy ever dreamed of!—*C. S. Penick.*

DETROIT GETTING ACTION!

DETROIT, MICH. — When I ventured my opinion of law enforcement in Detroit (December 17, 1938, Vox Pop), threats of libel from the Police Department and of worse from the underworld followed so quickly that my reverse gear caught fire. Other complainers were similarly squelched.

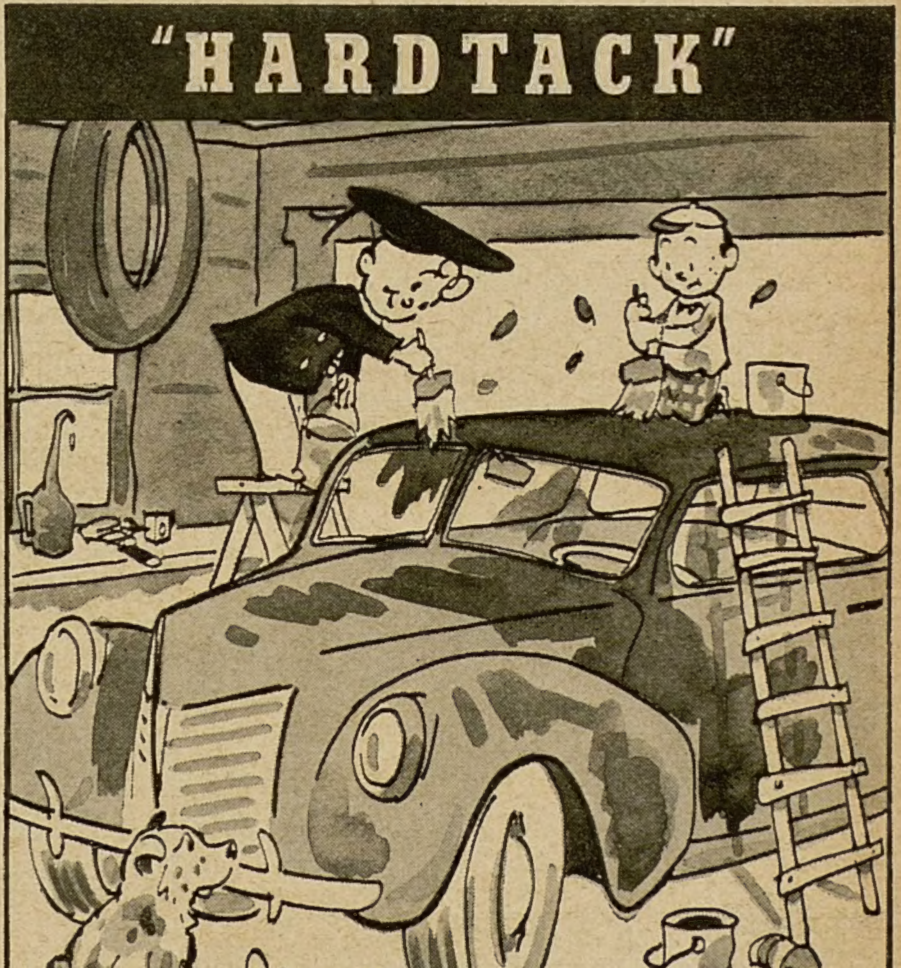
But things haven't gone so well in the city recently described cryptically by J. Edgar Hoover as "no worse than any other large city." Folks concluded that the white slips falling on numerous bars and cigar counters were neither snowflakes nor laundry slips. It was whispered that the gamblers held the community tightly by the caudal appendage. Action was demanded. At this writing, Detroit is getting it. A grand jury ponders alleged collusion between gamblers and police, and has already jailed two gendarmes. A federal grand jury looks into racketeering: initial action, forty-eight indictments.

An alleged link between police and handbooks died rather suddenly while vacationing in Florida. The town is reported bristling with G-men. One former high-up is explaining that he did not sell police promotions. All of which may mean nothing, but it looks like a busy winter.

A few silly taxpayers are even singing, "Kansas City! Hot Springs! Los Angeles! Here we come!"—*Robert S. Seese.*

GOOD AS A 4-STAR MOVIE

MOUNTAIN HOME, TENN.—On the December 9 Liberty's back page there was a letter under the heading, Here Is a Woman . . . I'll say she can write! Her piece is about like going to a four-star movie. You can almost smell the garlic in her stuff. It must be Canada she writes of. You can almost see those Indians, and the big red barns, and the washtubs with rusted hoops, and the muddy road.—*R. H. Doak.*



"Do you realize what it would cost your dad if he took the car to a garage to have it painted?"

Jews, Masons, and Anti-Semitism

FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

THERE IS another whispering campaign under way in the United States, and some believe that it may grow to larger proportions before the Presidential year of 1940 is over. This renewed campaign of slander may well engage the activities of the Department of Justice in its new investigation of anti-Semitism recently announced by Attorney General Frank Murphy. Today the breeders of prejudice, talkers behind the hand, are murmuring a tattered old lie—the myth of a " Jewish world conspiracy " to control all nations and people. Under this insane theory, the Protocols of the Elders of Zion are being resurrected and quoted in every state of the Union. To them is linked another ancient story—a combination of fact and legend concerning the part played in the French Revolution by the Illuminati. These conspirators were affiliated with European Masons; and the bombastic Cagliostro, who was mixed up in the diamond necklace affair with the Cardinal de Rohan and Marie Antoinette, was also concerned in its Masonic ritual.

FROM THAT DAY TO THIS there has seemed to be a link between anti-Semitism and anti-Masonicism. Today people are whispering that Freemasonry is actually a part of the Jewish conspiracy to control the world—the fake conspiracy revealed by the faked Protocols. Now, it is not news that the so-called Protocols of the Elders of Zion are forgeries. That fact has been published before, not once but many times. Yet the most casual survey will disclose the sad fact that the Protocols are being quoted in radio programs to the discredit of Jews, and further that a great many people still do not know they are forgeries, and those that do know it have only a dim notion of the real circumstances. For that reason Liberty will publish next week a complete statement of the history of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Armed with this, one can always answer the Protocol quoters with the facts.

OTHER FEATURES WE HAVE prepared for your delectation are a group of fine short stories, including No More Glitter, by Ann Gibbons, and Blackout, by Elliot Chess. Among the outstanding articles, we would like to call particular attention to 75 Tons of Polish Gold: The Truth at Last About What Happened to It, by Edward Doherty; Go Ahead and Adopt That Baby, by Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise; Baseball Goes to College, by John Drebinger; Congress Should Raise Hell, by Walter Karig; etc., etc., etc.

OUR FOOTBALL FORECASTS were right. We are tempted to say that our pigskin prophecies were almost solely right in the midst of a score of prophets, most of them wrong. The last football season upset many other authorities, but not Liberty. Never before in the history of the game have so many preseason favorites failed to live up to expectations. But if you will go back to the issue of Liberty for October 14, 1939, you will find that Norman L. Sper predicted that Tennessee and the University of Southern California would be the teams that would play in the classic Tournament of Roses. That prediction was right. Duke and Clemson, as Sper also predicted, did win the Southern Conference championship. Sper further predicted that the Notre Dame team, even though its backfield was rated with the best in the country, would not be in the charmed circle of the first ten. Irate Vox Pop fans wrote indignantly denouncing this prognostication. But Sper was right about that, too. His forecast was not guesswork. The reason why Liberty was able to make such accurate predictions of major football events was that Sper's work is done by an analytical survey of every major team, and he is at this work sedulously twelve months a year.

OUR FRIEND THE POLICE Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty of Boston has sent us a card, one of several thousand which he distributed among Boston policemen recently. It is called A Prayer for Policemen, and should be read by every bluecoat and plain-clothesman in the land. Here it is:

A PRAYER FOR POLICEMEN

Dear Saint Michael, Heaven's glorious Commissioner of Police, who once so neatly and successfully cleared God's premises of all its undesirables, look with kindly and professional eye on our earthly Force. Give us cool heads, stout hearts, hard punches, an uncanny flair, and an honest judgment. Make us the terror of burglars, the friends of children and law-abiding citizens, kind to strangers, polite to bores, strict with lawbreakers and impervious to bribery. In troubles and riots give us sheer muscle without temper; at the police court, give us love for truth and evidence, without any thought of promotion. You know, dear Saint Michael, from your experience with the Devil, that the policeman's lot, whether in Heaven or on earth, is not always a happy one; but your sense of duty that so surprised God, your hard knocks that so surprised the Devil, and your angelic self-control that so surprised both, should be our inspiration. Only make us as loyal to the law of God as we are particular about the law of the land. And when we lay down our badges, enroll us in your Heavenly Force, when we shall be as proud to guard the throne of God as we have been to guard the City. *Amen.*

A PORTABLE ART GALLERY might be a good description of a book called World-Famous Paintings, edited by Rockwell Kent and published by Wise & Co., Inc. Here is a gallery of certain masterpieces with many surprising omissions. Before many of these pictures is a soapbox on which Mr. Kent—one of the fine American artists--climbs to deliver a talk on social reform. Even a pretty Watteau garden swing reminds the critic that the lady goes from the swing to the guillotine. Mr. Kent hopes it won't happen here. Leonardo da Vinci seen slightly from the Left, Union Square baloney about Bellini—the old masters vs. the new masses! Our four stars are for the pictures and the painters, including many fine pictures by Mr. Kent not included in the volume. But we think some of the text is out of place in such a work.

The jingles about editors and trees continue. The latest entry is from Golda X. Locher of 71 Seward Street, San Francisco. She writes:

Who of us would ever tell
An Editor to go to Hell?
For Hell is but a dark eclipse
Where Writers eat rejection slips!
And who in Hell—pray do me tell—
Could rescue us from that black spell
If all the Eds were too in Hell!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

■

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY F. L. HENDREN

"Quit bawling—*you can get him back!*"

AND then Jane let her sobbing roommate hear the truth . . .

"Maybe it's your breath, honey. I've been noticing lately that it's—well, off color. And that's one thing no man will stand for—even a patient boy like Bob. I don't blame him for staying away . . ."

"But, Jane . . . I never dreamed . . ."

"Of course you didn't. That's the trouble with a lot of girls. They take their breath for granted. Why not start using Listerine Antiseptic . . . it's wonderful for the breath.* I'll phone Bob on some pretext or other and get you two together again—and this time I bet he stays!"

And Jane was right—right about Listerine Antiseptic . . . and right about Bob.

How's Your Breath?

It may be on the offensive side at this very moment—without your realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath). It seldom lets its victim know.

If you want people to like you, better let Listerine Antiseptic help look after your breath. This wonderfully delightful antiseptic and deodorant is the first aid of really nice people. Just use it as a mouth rinse and gargle before a heavy date.

Sweetens Your Breath

*Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But usually, and fortunately, it is caused, say some authorities by tiny bits of fermenting food skipped by the tooth brush.

Listerine Antiseptic is amazingly effective against this fermentation—halts it quickly and then overcomes the odors it causes. Almost immediately your breath becomes purer, sweeter, less likely to offend.

Never guess about the condition of your breath. Take the delightful Listerine Antiseptic precaution that attractive, *popular* people rely on.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

BE SWEETER TO YOUR SWEETIE—
USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC FOR **halitosis**
(BAD BREATH)

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH— Bennett Partin, North Carolina tobacco farmer, shows flowering tobacco plant—from which seeds are obtained. U. S. Government methods of raising tobacco are used on Mr. Partin's farm. *Below:* Mr. M. J. Moye in action.

"UNCLE SAM LENT A HAND

making tobacco better-than-ever

and Luckies have bought the cream of these better-than-ever crops," says M. J. Moye, warehouseman for 18 years

SMOKER: "How did Uncle Sam lend a hand?"

MR. MOYE: "The U. S. Government Experiment Stations showed farmers new methods of growing tobacco."

SMOKER: "And that's why you say crops have improved in recent years?"

MR. MOYE: "Yes. Even though crops do vary with weather—tobacco today is better than ever."

SMOKER: "Does the tobacco that goes into Luckies come from these improved crops?"

MR. MOYE: "Yes, sir. Luckies always *have* bought the finer tobacco sold on my warehouse floor. That's the reason I've smoked them myself for years. And it's also the reason why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite of independent tobacco men—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find they're easy on your throat—because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why—**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

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